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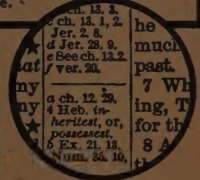
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THE ANNUNCIATION

FRA ANGELICO
(FLORENTINE SCHOOL)

WHEN Cosimo de' Medici opened the convent of San Marco to the Dominicans, he summoned Fra Angelico, then in his fiftieth year, to decorate the new building with frescoes. The Dominican artist executed some fifty paintings in the cells and corridors, bequeathing to the world what Ruskin described as "the most radiant consummation of the pure ideal of Christianity in all art." In "The Annunciation," the most famous of the series, the Virgin is seated in an open loggia resembling that of a Florentine church, with the angel Gabriel alighting before her. The fresco, nobly conceived and simply painted, shows Fra Angelico's fully developed style in wall decoration, and his observance of the traditional method of treating the subject. For centuries "The Annunciation" had been carved or painted in two sections at the entrance of churches, and the Dominican monk placed his characters in a painted architectural background with a separating column. The artist, who sometimes added texts to his paintings, inscribed on the curbstone a quotation from a twelfth century hymn; "Hail Mother, noble resting place of all the holy Trinity." The inscription on the edge of the stone is a tactful hint to his brothers: "When you come before the image of the spotless Virgin, beware lest through carelessness the Ave be left unsaid."

There is no drama in Fra Angelico's vision of the world, no conflict between conviction and representation. No other artist was so secure in his religious message, or so untroubled in the expression of it. He was a believer, and when he painted a picture, he took it for granted that the emotions aroused in others by his images were identical in purity and intensity with his own. He had no doubt about life and no questions to ask. The issues of the spirit were decided forever in two categories—the good and the evil—and he had made his choice. He held fast to a single mood, and his paintings, collectively, are a choir of voices chanting the blessings of the Christian ideology. "The Annunciation" was as real to him as the men with whom he lived and worked, and when his brothers came upon it in the corridor of San Marco, after climbing the stairs from the refectory, he could be certain that the figure of the Virgin and the angel would inspire them, like sacred music, to a mood of exaltation.



NUMBER SIX

This is the sixth of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be *The Nativity*, by Botticelli.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

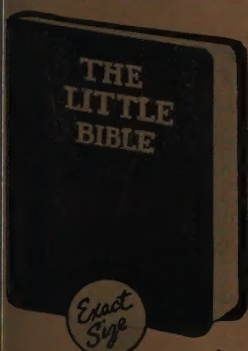
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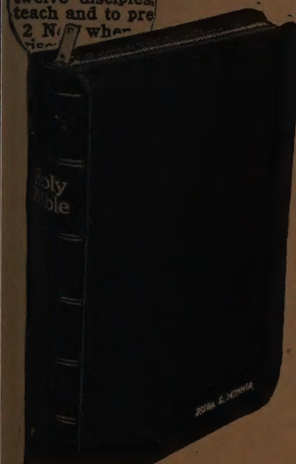


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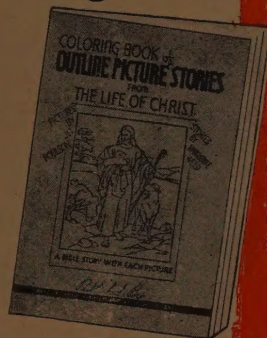
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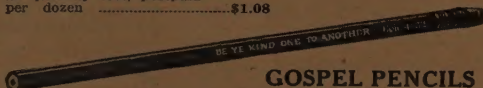
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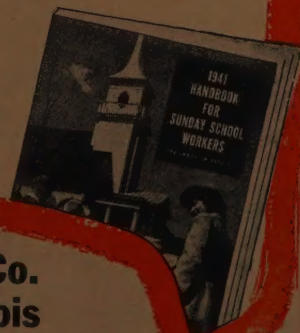
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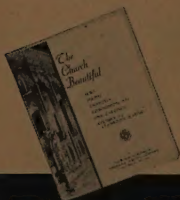
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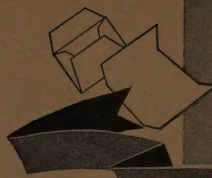
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Out of my MAIL

B4 DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATION

MAGIC LANTERN—!

Do you have an old-fashioned magic lantern with slides? From far-away Cook Islands in the South Seas comes a letter to me written by a Christian trader. He tells me that from November to April of each year his little family, his wife and two children, with the five hundred Polynesians who live on Mauke, which is just fifteen miles in circumference, are completely out of touch with the world—no mails, no electricity, no moving pictures, and no radio.

An old-fashioned magic lantern with slides would do wonders for this little community. Do you have one?

Will you amplify your statement regarding the third term, contained in the August issue? Is the conviction regarding a third term fundamental with you? (This question, in many forms has come to me from those who are of both the great political parties. Without partisanship, and because it is "fundamental" with me, I am bound to answer. D.P.)

I AM for the complete defense of American democracy. That defense begins at home. I believe that the success of the third term candidacy would in America win the debate for the principle of dictatorship over the principle of democracy. Conceivably it might do more than win a debate: it might "dead end" the American Way, for dictatorship is in principle "the indispensable man." Our faith centers at last not in a person but in a principle. We shall win through because our faith in America is greater, more vital than our faith in any one among us, because it is so great and so vital that when disillusioned by individuals we hold to the greater faith—faith in the Nation of which Washington is called the Father, Lincoln the Saviour, and to which Thomas Jefferson gave a philosophy of government.

In January, 1809, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "If the principle of rotation be a sound one, as I conscientiously believe

it to be, with respect to this (the presidential office), no pretext should ever be permitted to dispense with it, because there never will be a time when such difficulties will not exist and furnish a plausible pretext for dispensation."

Thomas Jefferson wrote that in January, 1809, two months before the expiration of his term. Years later, the author of the Declaration of Independence wrote again as follows: "The example of four Presidents, voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, the progress of public opinion that this principle is salutary, have given it the force of precedent and practice, inasmuch that should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected on this demonstration of ambivalence."

George Washington himself could have more pungently expressed the reasons that constrained him to decline a third term.

I stand here.

What are the facts concerning the growth of the narcotic evil in China and in Japanese occupied territory?

FOR the accuracy of these figures I can vouch absolutely. Early in 1935 a survey conducted by British American residents showed that 50 per cent of the population in Nanking—an eighth of the population—were drug addicts. The most recent report, carefully drawn up from these surveys, estimates that from one-fourth to one-third of the population. In Peiping there are shops dealing with narcotics, more than in any other line of business. One quarter of the street on which my authority lived in Shanghai is now surrounded by opium dens and drug shops.

The charge made by the famous Irish publicist and religious leader, Mr. Lester, that Japanese occupational authorities are deliberately and systematically demoralizing a nation with opium is fully substantiated.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Do you believe that flags should be carried into the church, and war and military might thus glorified?

YES, I believe that flags should be carried into the church. We have flags in our church because, our flag is not a flag for war; it is the flag of peace. Increasingly we appreciate the significance of our flag in terms of peace, and peace with justice. Let us more and more aim and hold our flag above military influences of every sort.

What's wrong with going "steady" if you're really serious as to your future intentions?

NOTHING wrong, certainly. In early courtship it is, I think, better not to concentrate altogether upon one person. Cultivate a number of worthy friendships. A more intelligent decision can be made when one knows and goes out with several friends. Certainly after engagement, general dating should not be practiced.

I understand that the Northern Baptist Convention authorized the circulation of a pacifist pledge and the enrolling of conscientious objectors. I think that this is an awful mistake for the Baptist or any other Church to make in these tragic times. Surely the Baptist Church is not a pacifist Church.

THE one asking this question is mistaken. The Northern Baptist Convention did not authorize an enlistment campaign to enroll conscientious objectors. The Northern Baptist Convention authorized a register of conscientious objectors. That is another matter entirely. Conscientious objectors are to be registered and given the support of the Church in their conscientious decision. I believe that the Church of Jesus Christ should follow her sons and daughters wherever in good conscience they go—whether to the colors or to prison.

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News Digest of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

DRAFT: Lights burn late these nights and clerks are working overtime in the big barn of a War Department building, in Washington, getting set to register sixteen and a half million American males between twenty-one and thirty-five. Blank forms are being shipped out to registrars in the 6,500 districts into which the U.S. has been divided. There will be seven steps to the draft (no relation to Dr. Poling's now famous seven-points-for-peace):

- 1) On Oct. 16 local officials will register all men in the 21-35 group.
- 2) Local boards shuffle registration cards, number them, forward them to Washington, where
- 3) Numbers will be reshuffled and the first drawn by lot.
- 4) Local boards will send questionnaires to the lucky (?) numbers selected first, who will be classified immediately; exemptions will be made first at this point.
- 5) Local medical examiners get to work, selecting first men.
- 6) Men passing this exam go on to examining doctors of Army, Navy and Marine corps.
- 7) Those passing this exam are inducted for one year.

The first batch of "trainees" will number 75,000; they will be called up about the middle of November, sent to one of the thirty-four camps prepared for them. To pay their expenses, Congress has appropriated \$338,000,000.

CONGRESS: The Seventy-sixth Congress will go down in history as a war Congress—and as the most tremendous spender ever to sit under the Capitol dome. Here's just a little of it:

The national debt has been increased by this Congress from forty-five billions to forty-nine billions (and it will be increased even more in January); \$1,308,171,138 is appropriated for the Navy (a two-ocean Navy), \$1,499,323,322 for the Army, \$3,976,793,539 for supplementary expenses in all military arms; \$280,340,776 for miscellaneous defense measures and \$50,000,000 for the relief of European war sufferers.

To defray all this, Congress has voted

two new tax bills: one adding a flat ten per cent on a wide range of taxes (income, mostly) and a comprehensive excess profits tax bill with which the legislators are still struggling. Digest this if you can; your editor just can't think in terms of so many millions. Once he saw a million dollars, in a bank, but he still doesn't believe it.

We may not believe it, but we'll pay it. War is the most hideously expensive business on the face of the earth.

NO Y: You haven't heard of any recruiting drive for Y secretaries to serve in military posts. And you will not hear of it. The Army, in which so many Y-men served in the last war, will use no YMCA, K of C or Salvation Army entertainers or ministers in the days ahead.

This is new. The "Morale Division," just created from among Army men, is a new departure. Why they have done it is not just clear yet, but we hear rumors that the Army would like to avoid the confusion, competition, and waste of these non-military non-Army branches. The Army admits that these agencies served nobly in the World War, but . . . Y huts will be found only outside the lines now, in nearby towns and cities.

BASES: Are we getting ready to take over air and Naval bases in the Pacific? Only the inside diplomats know; the newspapers can only guess and the interested parties (Japan, England, U.S.) can only go on bluffing and playing poker. Yet there are certain salient facts that stand out.

One is that the Pacific is certainly the sphere of the U.S. in this international mix-up. Busier than busy fighting off the Germans at Dover, England is helpless East of Suez and France is dead. If anyone is to keep the Japanese in line, it must be Uncle Sam.

Furthermore, if the United States is to hold its *present* positions in the Pacific and to defend them against an aggressor, if and when, then it needs (say military experts) additional bases for ships and planes. Those bases are evidently to be had for the asking—from

Great Britain. Some of the bases being considered at the moment would definitely be assets, others useless.

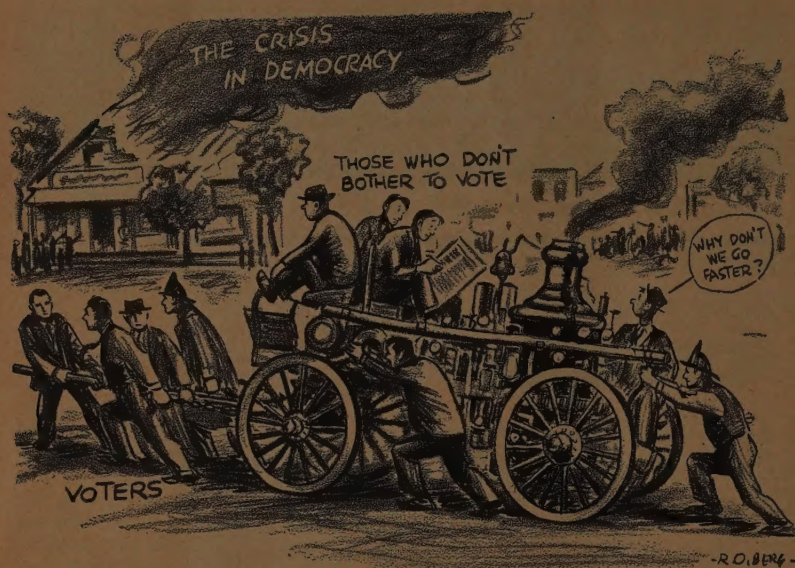
Singapore, the mightiest base in the East, might be a white elephant for us; it is too far from California. Bases in Australia are farther away than that; maintaining communication lines and supplies over that much water would be a job for Hercules and Atlas combined. But the islands of the Gilbert, Phoenix, Ellice, Friendly and Samoan groups would be as useful to us as Wake Island is now; they would be most convenient for patrolling planes scanning the Pacific from Hawaii west and south.

We think Uncle Sam will take over no Pacific bases while the war rages in Europe. Maybe we're wrong, and we may be "left out on a limb," but the quick reply of Japan (a firmer union with the Axis powers) has started the Pacific pot boiling more fiercely than ever—and even the United States wants no war with Nippon. Discretion is still the better part of valor. If we do take over those bases, we must be prepared to defend them, perhaps sooner than we are ready.

REFUGEE: There is an old man in Switzerland packing up as we write, trying to get to the U.S. by November 6th. Last winter we heard the same old man play a piano concert; he was weak, uncertain, and he made mistakes, yet the audience went mad in cheering not the artist that was, but the artist that Paderewski had been.

Now Ignace Jan Paderewski comes to us again, as a refugee. He leaves behind him two pianos, a glorious collection of Chinese porcelains, flower gardens and orchards that he loves. Welcome, sir! We can use men in America who still live in the realm of music, flowers and old porcelain. Come what may out of this war, beauty will never be Blitzkrieged so long as there are Paderewskis.

This may not be headline news; maybe it's not as important as what's happening over the Channel. But we're so sick of reporting what's happening over the Channel that we almost feel like throwing up this job of reporting news.



Don't be a hitch-hiker on Democracy

CABINET: Mr. Jesse H. Jones has taken his oath of office as Secretary of Commerce. Strange as it seems, he is being hailed loudly even by anti-Administration critics as a valuable addition to the Cabinet.

A Democrat but no starry-eyed New Dealer, Mr. Jones is a highly successful business man; he had given ten billion dollars to business on behalf of the government with a decided minimum of criticism and an enviably shrewd judgment. With him in the Cabinet, together with Republicans Knox and Stimson, that body begins to look like the composite group which the present emergency demands. Only one sore spot remains: the Secretary of Labor. And there are whisperings. . . .

PENN: The University of Pennsylvania is two hundred years old this year; they are celebrating that in Philadelphia. Among helpers who have trekked in to the City of Brotherly Love to help celebrate are the President of the U. S., ex-President Hoover, a regiment of scholars and college presidents, and the Ambassador from China, who said he felt the U. S. was in no danger of dictatorship when the President couldn't even carry Dutchess County in an election. (But what about carrying New York State?)

Let's skip the speeches and remember this: Penn has been a great free school in a great free country for two centuries. In 1740 a "charity school and a house of worship" was opened at Fourth and Arch Streets to provide a pulpit for a preacher named George Whitefield. Nine years later a freethinking Ben Franklin helped open an academy in Whitefield Chapel. Now it's "Penn"—all built on a Methodist chapel by a freethinker in Quaker territory. That's America!

ABROAD

LONDON: Whatever you think of the British, you have to admit that they're stubborn and smart. The amazing spirit of the people of London under day-and-night bombing is the newest wonder of the world.

There can't be much left of some parts of London; bombers coming over in waves of hundreds and dropping hundreds of tons of bombs must hit *something*; yet the total result of all this bombing has been to unite the British more fiercely than ever in their effort to win this war. Bombing will never win it for Hitler; bombing cities just doesn't win wars, as was proved in Spain.

And they're smart. They are wasting little of their precious energy bombing Berlin, just for retaliation. They concentrate on the German-occupied Channel ports and on German industry. That concentration has forced Der Fuehrer to postpone his triumphal entry into London from September 1st to October 1st to November 1st to—? A newspaper man just returned from France told us the other day that Hitler had made and discarded seven plans for the invasion.

Another reporter writes that he sailed up the Channel in a convoy of a dozen freighters, within sight of the French coast, watched the British unload every last freighter and send it to sea again. That makes nonsense of the German claim of control of the seas—and the air. With the Channel as open as that to England and with Germany still blockaded, it doesn't look like November 1st in London for Hitler.

RESOURCES: The war is fast simmering down to a contest of resources. Germany, preparing feverishly for years, has most of hers stored in the Reich; she can count on very, very little from overseas. Every supply ship sunk by the British is a body blow now. But England still has her sea lanes open; she is getting inestimable help in war materials, food, etc., from all over the globe.

Then, too, the gold reserve of Britain has not yet begun to suffer, which is more than we can say for Germany's. Hitler's credit is becoming nil; but the British still have enough cash in London—and Fort Knox—to pay as she goes. This isn't wishful thinking; it's a fact.

Two years ago this writer was in Germany and Italy; he got fairly decent food, loaded with substitutes, in Germany, but in Italy he couldn't have purchased a good square meal if he'd been J. P. Morgan. What must it be now? Ask the French and the Danes, who have seen their livestock and food supplies confiscated by the "protecting" Nazis. What will it be by late January? Who will feed them then?

DAKAR: The debacle of Dakar is history, and another illustration of the old army axiom that a good small force can never whip a good large force. General de Gaulle was tricked into that one, being told that the French in West Africa were ripe for revolt, and that at the head of a "Free French" force he could easily occupy Dakar. It was supposed to be a French revolt against (Nazified) France; it turned out to be a trap laid for de Gaulle.

But de Gaulle was not trapped and the British, pretending to fall for the trick, came off with the laurels. British cruisers intercepted three French cruisers and three destroyers (remnants of the Battle of Oran Bay two months before), and drove them back into Dakar. Bombardments and landing parties failed to take Dakar, but that isn't important. The loss of the ships to Hitler is what matters.

It's all very confusing: Englishmen are fighting Frenchmen here, and Frenchmen are fighting Frenchmen, yet it is all in line with Nazi strategy to keep the fight running in as many widely-separated sections of the globe as possible. The embarrassing point, for Hitler, is that the British still rule the seas—that they still hold Gibraltar and Suez, and still have the Italian fleet, which might help the Axis materially, bottled up in the Mediterranean.

DESERT, WATER: Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, hero (?) of Ethiopia, is leading his Italian legions deep into Egypt, in a thrust at the Suez Canal. That's enough to make a Briton's face blanch—and enough to make the legionnaires under the Marshal blanch, too, if they really know what they're up against.

We don't mean the British troops they

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they meet; we mean water. That word is the biggest word in the desert dictionary. For instance: From Sollum to Si Barrani (a territory already covered by Graziani) there are eight wells of water and no more; from Sidi to Mesh Matruh there are only three known wells, and not another drop of water anywhere; even those three wells are of uncertain behavior. They have a nasty habit of running dry just when you need water most.

Aside from these, there are two wells right on the coast, but they are under the guns of British warships; . . . so there is a motor road from Sollum to Matruh, but that road is never more than ten miles from the sea; so . . . ! And yet in the water, within a few miles, are British cruisers and aircraft carriers.

It is a desperate enterprise for Italy. She will likely resolve 'tself into an air campaign for the British, who will pound away at Italian communications, at the wells, at supply trains. If those wells are destroyed and those communications broken . . . well, what then, Graziani?

INDO-CHINA: Indo-China is the back door to the China still held by Chiang Kai-shek; it is vital. And now it seems to be about one hundred per cent under control of Japanese armies. Fighting goes on between the small defending French force and Chinese troops have been brought down from West China to help, but their fight seems hopeless. Japan was offered a foothold in Indo-China, but evidently a foothold was not what she wanted; she wanted all of it. Appeasement was tried once again, with the same old result.

It looks black for Chiang now. It also looks black for American and British interests in the Far East. Already the Japanese talk of taking the last final step—occupation in Shanghai's International Settlement; they know, too, that with Indo-China in their bag, Hong Kong will have a hard time trying to defend itself. The Mikado's men have gotten in behind Old Chiang, and dealt a bad blow to whatever is left of Western hopes for open trade in the East.

INDIA: "What," we are frequently asked, "will India do?" If the events of the last month are any indication; we suggest that India will do—nothing. India is on a bad spot. Taken arbitrarily into the war by order from London, neither Hindus nor Moslems have any stomach for it. They don't want to fight Hitler and they don't want to let England down; much as they dislike the British, they hate the Nazi colonial philosophy. So they are attempting to walk the middle road, neither helping nor hindering England.

Last month at Poona the Indian National Congress Committee elected to its leadership the one man in India who is best at tight-rope walking in a crisis with the British: Mahatma Gandhi.

Arch-advocate of passive resistance, Gandhi has announced, "I don't want to order civil disobedience (his old strategy). I favor individual disobedience." Which, as the Mahatma knows well, comes to exactly nothing, so far as real action is concerned.

CHURCH NEWS

BAPTISTS: American Baptists are looking anxiously toward Europe these days; they have made rather heavy investments for the Kingdom over there. Out of the welter of news-and-propaganda (who can tell them apart?) from Britain comes word that the Baptist headquarters in London have been demolished by a Nazi bomb. This is not so serious as it is regrettable; you never beat the Baptists by Blitzkrieging a building; there is a spirit left. British Baptists will rebuild.

Southern Baptists are already helping them to rebuild. Dr. Charles E. Maddry, of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, announces that he has forwarded a check for \$100,000 to the stricken Baptist Missionary Society of England. It is the first installment on a total of \$200,000 to be forwarded from Dixie.

Here at home, the Negro Baptists re-



K. BRENT WOODRUFF, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR CHRISTIAN REFUGEES

What he says:

"As a group of Christians, our Committee is primarily concerned with the problems of Christian refugees, but we do not stop there. . . . We also strive to help all others who are suffering, regardless of their religious beliefs."

port a gain of 60,029 new members this year, giving them a total of 4,046,840, and—24,575 churches, 27,242 preachers.

DRAFT: Ordained ministers and theological students are exempt under the terms of the new conscription act. They must register, like all the rest, but they will not be drafted.

Conscientious objectors who object on religious grounds are permitted to claim exemption through their local draft boards. If their objection is accepted, they will be assigned to noncombatant duty; if denied, they have recourse to an appeal board and finally to the Department of Justice. Army men look for a far larger proportion of objectors than we had in 1917, but you never can tell. Once the bands begin to play and the banners to wave, many are always swept off their feet and—in they go! It may happen here, again.

Protestant clergymen may be interested to learn that some two million men attended the Army's religious services for the year ending June 30 last. By far the largest attendance was on the part of Roman Catholics. Smallest was the attendance at Jewish services (4,332).

PRESBYTERIANS: When the Presbyterians in the U.S.A. reach the end of their ten-million dollar educational campaign on October 20 (we'll be in the mails then) they will undoubtedly have reached their goal. Word has just come to our desk that to date they have raised nearly eight and one half million. It is one of the most arresting church financial campaigns since 1929.

The fund has been raised to aid fifty-three colleges, fifty-two Westminster Foundations, and eleven theological seminaries having a total of more than 180,000 young people. The idea was born in the mind of the late Dr. Harold McAfee Robinson; he thought of it in 1929, at the height of the depression! Our hats are off to the Presbyterians. May their tribe increase—and this editor is *not* a Presbyterian.

Before we leave them we can't help passing on this choice Calvinistic news-morsel. A Presbyterian Church out in Pine Bluff, Ark., has voted to hold not just one Thanksgiving service this year, but one each month! Object: to express their gratitude for being Americans. Voila!

PURGE: Kagawa, called by some a red and by others the greatest Christian of the age, has been in jail and out again since we went to press last month. The new totalitarian dictatorship was suspicious of him, but evidently they were wrong. Or was he "too hot to handle"? This is the latest chapter in a series of purges in Japan, directed against the Christian Church. The Presbyterians and the Episcopalians have felt the heavy

hand of Government, and so has the Salvation Army. We learn from a first-hand source (one we dare not name, for fear of retaliation) that the final situation may be one in which no more foreign missionaries will be permitted to enter Japan, but in which we may be allowed to contribute to Japanese Christianity *through the government*. That would make it a nationalistic Christianity, and not at all the sort that Americans like best to contribute to.

Whatever happens, the Church in Japan must not die, if we can help it.

METHODISTS: Space forbids even mention here of the number of Methodist Conferences offering support to conscientious objectors in this crisis. Some few conferences have voted otherwise; some have declined to vote either way, but by and large the Methodist preachers seem a majority opposition to our entering the war, and a majority in favoring protection of the man who objects on the basis of his religious principles. Offhand, we would say that the issue is more clearly defined among the Methodists than elsewhere in U. S. Protestantism.

Like the Baptists, Methodists in the U. S. are aiding Methodists in Britain; the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief has cabled \$5,000 to the British Methodist Conference for relief work.

Out in Missouri they are electing a governor this year; it really doesn't make much difference to the Methodists who wins, for they know they'll have a Methodist at the State helm however it goes. Republican candidate is Forrest Donnell, teacher of the men's Bible Class at Grace Methodist Church, St. Louis; in his class every Sunday sits Lawrence McDaniel—the Democratic candidate! (No political discussions permitted in class!)

LUTHERANS: Lutheran Congregations in the U. S. and Canada, says the annual statistical report, increased in 1939 by 39,104 in baptized membership and 61,181 in confirmed membership, bringing their totals to 4,910,300 baptized and 3,433,765 confirmed.

Lutherans are more than active, also, in refugee relief; they lead the way. They plan now to enlarge their work among the victims of the war by establishing refugee placement agencies in twenty-four cities throughout this country. Principle purpose will be to "give all possible aid and to . . . establish contact between the refugees and local pastors and congregations."

A bit different from most of the actions on the war question coming out of youth organizations in the Church is the one taken by the 48th annual convention of the International Walther League. The League carefully avoided all topics dealing with the European War, the presidential campaign, international politics and domestic problems. The tenor of the group was expressed by Rev. Martin

Walker of Buffalo, who told the delegates that the "immediate task of the Christian Church is not to save what is called civilization, nor to build a new social order. The supreme task of the church is to bring the souls of men into the right relationship with God."

MAYOR OCCUPIES PULPIT: Mayor La Guardia, of New York, spoke from the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine last month, in the presence of a large crowd, which included 800 ministers, white and colored. The chief purpose of the meeting was to rally more children in Sunday School. The Mayor said:

"The United States has a great responsibility. God has given us such a rich country, which He in His wisdom has kept for us through the ages. Surely He must have had a reason. I believe His reason was to let us lead in the great crusade for which the world is waiting.

"In this great local crusade which we are starting something more than an expression of faith is needed. Once-a-week religion won't do, we must have religion seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day."

TEMPERANCE

DRYS WIN IN S. C.: The state legislature of South Carolina meets in January; one of its debates will certainly come over whether the state is to go dry or stay wet. The legislators have something more than a hint to go on; they have a mandate from the people as powerful as Teddy Roosevelt's Big Stick.

An overwhelming victory for the temperance forces has just been registered in the State. Voting on repeal of the state liquor law, 162,982 shouted "Repeal It!" and 111,821 said "Leave it alone." So that's that! The legislators may ignore it and give the liquor interests another lease on life, but we doubt it. Votes talk as loud in South Carolina as anywhere else.

Leading the fight was the Rev. Albert D. Betts of Orangeburg, secretary of the South Carolina Federated Forces for Temperance and Law Enforcement. We nominate him for a South Carolina Colonel, if they have such things down there; if not, then a Nobel Prize for Good Citizenship.

TO THE LADIES: Not to neglect that other Carolina, we mention in passing that the lassies of the Salvation Army in Raleigh are harassing the enemy with a technique worthy of Carrie Nation. They go into the saloons of the town each week-end and sit with their outstretched tambourines, asking for contributions!

Few purchasers of liquor pass them up. The bartenders, rather shamefacedly, furnish them with chairs to sit in. It must be a little embarrassing, for the

drinkers and the drink-sellers; it may give many a laugh to the lassies. Let's try it in New York.

CONVENTION: We did not report the recent W.C.T.U.'s 66th annual convention, because it came too close to our last dead-line. But one piece of news from that gathering is too good to mention even this late. Besides announcing some 90,000 new white ribboners in the country, and planning for the enlistment of more in U. S. territories, the Union put this resolution on its books: "We explore the advertising of alcoholic liquors through unnecessary and prolonged drinking scenes in motion pictures, and through the more subtle suggestion of home social scenes must be accompanied by the serving of alcoholic drinks" (Hollywood papers, please copy.)

While we're at it, why is it that we have to have so many cigarettes in movies? Actors and actresses don't seem to know anything better to do with their hands, or what else to do when they walk across a room, than to pick up a cigarette and light it. What in heaven's name did the great stage men and stage women of yesterday do, before smoking became the Great Obsession? What did Duse do with her hands?

Why, she acted!

AUTHORS: Writers are supposed to be drinkers. A lot of them are. And a lot aren't. At least a lot of them know and even admit the drawbacks of drinking. Paul de Kruif, who wrote "Micro Hunters" and "Men Against Death" and a few more for the common-man medical books, has this to say: "The first line of a nation's defense is not its battleships, airplanes and submarines. It is the morale of the nation. And this depends on the physical fitness of the people." W. Mr. de Kruif.

And then there is Dale Carnegie, of "How To Win Friends And Influence People." We can't quote his exact words (we lost the clipping!) but in a brand new book published by Wilfred Funk he reads that Mr. Carnegie doesn't exactly hold booze in high esteem. He says he found it doing nothing good to him, and in fact doing some other things that were far from good, so—he doesn't drink. We'll apologize if his report of his drinking is wrong, but that's the substance we remember it. Wise Mr. Carnegie!

By the by, are great books ever written by writers under the influence?

COST: Currently we hear talk of hard times; people wonder how we are going to get through the depression most sure to follow the war, or how America is ever going to feed all Europe this winter, as well as care for our own. We have one thing to suggest here. Our drink bill for 1939 was \$3,228,491,000. Nuff sed!

The Best in RADIO Selected Programs on November Airwaves

(All Time is Eastern Standard Time)

via Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
at Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
at Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, WNY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY (Monday through Friday)

A.M. News of Europe—international news broadcasts—CBS and NBC-Red and Blue.
A.M. School of the Air—educational programs for school use—CBS.
A.M. Edward MacHugh—Gospel Singer—Red.
P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—guest speakers—Blue.
P.M. Between the Bookends—Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
P.M. Light of the World—the Bible dramatized—Red.
P.M. A Friend in Deed—Richard Maxwell in dramatizations of good deeds done by contemporaries—CBS.
P.M. Children's Hour—four programs including "Set Sail"; Irene Wicker's Musical Stories; "Bud Barton"; and "The Adventures of Tom Mix"—Blue.
P.M. Jack Armstrong—adventures of an all-American boy—RED.
P.M. Human Side of the News—Edwin C. Hill—CBS.
P.M. Lowell Thomas—news commentator—Blue.
P.M. The World Today—international news—CBS.
P.M. John B. Kennedy—news commentator—Blue.
P.M. News of the War—Major George Fielding Elliot; Elmer Davis; Albert Warner—CBS.

SUNDAYS

A.M. Wings Over Jordan—Negro spirituals and talk—CBS.
A.M. Radio Pulpit—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—Red.
A.M. Church of the Air—religious programs conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
A.M. National Youth Administration Orchestra—orchestra of 70 boys between ages of 18 and 25—CBS.
A.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals and devotional service—Blue.
A.M. Luther-Laymen Singers—American history in song—Blue.
A.M. Music and American Youth—orchestras from high schools, colleges and universities—Red.
P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle—world famous choir sings religious music—CBS.
P.M. Wings Over America—dramatizations of history of aviation—Red.
P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
P.M. I'm An American—naturalized Americans discuss democracy—CBS.
P.M. March of Games—children's quiz show—CBS.
P.M. On Your Job—dramatizations of Americans at work—Red.
P.M. United We Stand—dramatizations of privileges and duties of Americans—CBS.
P.M. American Pilgrimage—broadcasts from the homes of famous authors—Blue.
P.M. University of Chicago Round Table—discussion of current problems—Red.
P.M. Great Plays—best plays of history—Blue.
P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra—John Barbirolli conductor—CBS.
P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
P.M. National Vespers—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—Blue.
P.M. Invitation to Learning—great books of world culture—CBS.
P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—Red.
P.M. Design for Happiness—Chicago Woman's Symphony orchestra of 65 instruments—CBS.
P.M. News of the World—CBS and NBC-Red.
P.M. Speak Up America—new quiz program devoted to the furtherance of better speech—Blue.
P.M. One Man's Family—dramatization of family life—Red.
P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—with famous guest conductors and guest soloists—CBS.
P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—Haenschen Concert Orchestra—Red.
P.M. Columbia Workshop—unusual radio dramas—CBS.
P.M. The Voice That Walks Beside You—Cornell Miles dispenses cheer—Red.
P.M. Headlines and Bylines—up-to-the-minute news—CBS.

MONDAYS

P.M. Religion in the New World—Dr. Joseph Sizoo—Blue.
P.M. Adventures of a Modern Mother—dramatic series aiding mothers in child-training—Blue.
P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra—Guy F. Harrison, conductor—Blue.
P.M. News of Europe—CBS.
P.M. Radio Magic—phenomena translated for the layman—Blue.
P.M. The Telephone Hour—symphony orchestra and soloists—Red.
P.M. Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—Red.
P.M. Carnation Contented program—soloists—Red.
P.M. National Radio Forum—Washington representatives discuss national issues—Blue.

TUESDAYS

P.M. Our Spiritual Life—Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—Blue.

2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
9:00 P.M. We, the People—Gabriel Heatter interviews interesting personalities—CBS.
9:35 P.M. Meet Mr. Weeks—discussion and dramatization of literature with the editor of the Atlantic Monthly—Blue.

WEDNESDAYS

1:00 P.M. Piano Recitals—distinguished virtuosos—Red.
1:30 P.M. Homespun—Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Raising A President—dramatic series on child care—Blue.
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History—dramatizations of historic orations, alternate weeks—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Columbia Lecture Hall—literature, drama, art, music and sports—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America—Red.
8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids—school children under 15 years reveal amazing fund of information—Blue.
10:30 P.M. Doctors at Work—dramatic survey of medical practice—Blue.

THURSDAYS

9:30 A.M. Isabelle Manning Hewson's Morning Market Basket—topics of interest to women—Red.
1:30 P.M. Common Sense and Sentiment—Dr. Alvin Magary—Blue.
2:00 P.M. I Looked From Here—Says Margaret Bauman—the prominent novelist gives practical essays on modern life—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
2:15 P.M. Traveling Cook—Richard Kent gives recipes from all over the world—Blue.
2:30 P.M. United States Marine Band—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Adventures in Science—Interviews with scientists—CBS.
6:15 P.M. Outdoors with Bob Edge—news on fishing and hunting—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
8:30 P.M. The Aldrich Family—drama of family life—Red.
9:35 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—Blue.

FRIDAYS

12:00 Noon Milestones in the History of Music—Red.
1:30 P.M. Opportunity—Dr. Daniel A. Poling—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch—Blue.
2:30 P.M. Conrad Thibault—baritone soloist—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Children of the Sun—adventures in the field of astronomy—Blue.
7:00 P.M. Josef Marais—folk songs of the African Bushveld—Blue.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners, soprano—Red.
9:30 P.M. Everyman's Theater—plays produced and written by Arch Oboler—Red.
11:30 P.M. United States Antarctic Service Expedition Salute—Nov. 8 and alternate weeks—Red.
11:30 P.M. Unlimited Horizons—discussions of physical sciences—Blue.

SATURDAYS

9:30 A.M. Honest Abe—episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln—CBS.
10:15 A.M. The Traveling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club—instructive ideas for children—Red.
10:30 A.M. Old Dirt-dobber—flower and garden program—CBS.
12:00 Noon General Federation of Women's Clubs—consumers aid in shopping—Red.
12:00 Noon American Education Forum—discussion of education—Blue.
12:30 P.M. Call To Youth—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—Red.
1:00 P.M. Of Men and Books—reviews of current books—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—Red.
1:15 P.M. Highways to Health—instructive medical talks—CBS.
1:30 P.M. This Is My Land—devoted to the humanities expressed in American classics, churches and folk music—CBS.
2:30 P.M. Renewal of the November—Red.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News—Dr. Walter Van Kirk—Red.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform—extemporaneous round-table discussions on controversial subjects—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—conducted by Arturo Toscanini after Nov. 16—Blue.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

DR. WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, Presbyterian minister, who as "Homespun" leads his listeners down Friendly Road, returns to the air this month. Another cheerful philosopher, Cornell Miles, is worth attention. During his program, "The Voice That Walks Beside You," Miles speaks to his audience as would an old friend with an arm around one's shoulder. (Foulkes, Wednesdays, 1:30 p.m., NBC-Blue. Miles, Sundays, 10:45 p.m., NBC-Red)

ISLER SOLOMON, the WPA conductor whose quick rise to the top in his field has been a sensation in American music circles, is directing the Chicago Woman's Symphony Orchestra in a striking new series "Design For Happiness."

RADIO listeners have a remarkable opportunity to compare the drama of yesterday with that of the day after tomorrow by tuning in on the Great Play series and the Everyman Theater broadcasts, which are written and produced by Arch Oboler. This month the former series will feature such undying classics as "Dr. Faustus" and "Merry Wives of Windsor" while Oboler will be turning out plays dealing with latest advances in psychology, science, and sociology presented against a background of the cleverest sound effects yet developed by radio. (Great Plays, Sundays, 3:00 p.m., NBC-Blue; Everyman's Theater, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., NBC-Red)

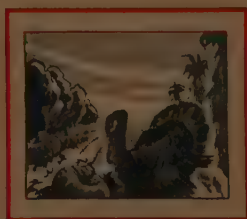


Thanksgiving: 1940

What can we say on this Thanksgiving Day?

Though over all the world a rough wind blows,
 Still are we grateful for the crimson rose;
 For dawns lit with the old supernal fire;
 For sunsets bright with colors that never tire;
 For the clean clouds that sweep across heaven's blue;
 For the green grass, and the imperial hue
 Of hyacinths; for morning's diamond dew.

Give thanks, O heart, for April's shining hours;
 For summer's radiant and immortal flowers;
 For autumn's gilded slopes and tapestries—
 Ah! few things are more beautiful than these.
 Be grateful for the primrose by the river;
 For laurel, and thin aspen leaves that quiver;
 For all the loveliness of earth that lasts forever.



Charles Hanson Towne

November
1940



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



COACH CARL G. SNAVELY
IN HIS WORKING TOGS

NOT ALWAYS ON THE SCOREBOARD

by Howard Rushmore

THIRTY-ODD years ago two men stopped to watch a group of children playing "ante over" in dusty North Bend, Nebraska, school yard. One husky blue-eyed boy caught their attention: they watched with increased interest and then open admiration his graceful movements and the exact timing, his directions to his teammates; the way he taught the other children how to throw the bean bag and to hold it. That kid's going to be some athlete

when he grows up," one of the men surmised. "Whose boy is he?"

The other thought a moment. "Ain't sure," he said, "but I believe that's Preacher Snavely's boy."

It was Preacher Snavely's boy. As you read this, he's still teaching the principles of timing and muscular coordination, only he's moved two thousand miles eastward and grown up considerably since that day in the North Bend school yard. Now he's better known the country over as Carl G. Snavely,

head football coach of Cornell University.

But there's still something of the eternal boy about the broad-shouldered son of Rev. Charles C. Snavely. Perhaps it's the enthusiasm reflected in his eyes and smile when he talks of coaching a bunch of clean-cut but awkward kids; it might be the bursting sincerity of the man, a quality more often reflected in youth than in adults. Whatever it is, he has coached thousands of boys during his twenty-five years as athletic director and they have always felt that

he was one of them. Not a grim-lipped tyrant who bawled them out unmercifully if they made a loose tackle or a wobbly forward pass; no siree, not Coach Snavelly. Up around the playing fields of Cornell near Ithaca, New York, the boys will tell you "Why, Coach seems like a dad to us, not a boss."

That affection earns him respect and that respect and the loyalty of his players—plus his own acute knowledge of the game—have given him an all-time record of 132 games won and 38 lost during his coaching career. Sports writers and football fans will tell you this is just about tops in the annals of American football.

But the real story of Carl Snavelly goes back to his boyhood years on the Nebraska prairie; to the adolescent days spent in small Pennsylvania towns. A touchdown must be built on a foundation of expert coordination and perfect timing; a man to achieve any goal in life must also have a sense of perfection that will carry him to victory. And the man whom Cornell students look to as a fellow "just like dad" doesn't hesitate a moment in recalling the part his own father played in shaping the career of one of America's outstanding sportsmen.

"My father," Mr. Snavelly says, his blue eyes sparkling warmly, "is one of the grandest men that ever lived. If I've taught my college boys clean thinking and clean living—and I'd like to believe that I have—I owe it all to the lessons my dad taught me so many years ago."

The Reverend Mr. Snavelly was a Methodist Episcopal minister, better known along the prairie frontiers as "sky pilot." Born of an old-line American family, Mr. Snavelly went out into the wilderness to carry the message of Christ and he made the rounds of his 100-mile "charge" faithfully, bringing that message to the farmers of his immense circuit. Nebraska blizzards can kill and have killed many; the July sun can bake your skin raw, but Mr. Snavelly went through it all with a mite of food in his saddlebags and a great faith in his heart. Those farmers knew that Preacher Snavelly "would come through" and he did, his strong form bowed over the neck of his horse against the biting wind.

"He spent many years doing that," Coach Snavelly recalls. "They weren't easy years; my mother and the four children didn't always have an easy time of it. We missed many comforts, but all of us learned to love and respect Dad who never faltered or wavered in his mission in life."

That kind of Christian upbringing inevitably broadens and strengthens the youthful mind. When Mr. Snavelly noticed Carl's proficiency in sports, he encouraged it; in fact, having once been a champion wrestler and swimmer, he would often play with his boy and teach him the rudiments of various outdoor games. "He told me just once that clean living and clean thinking were more important than any printed rules," Coach

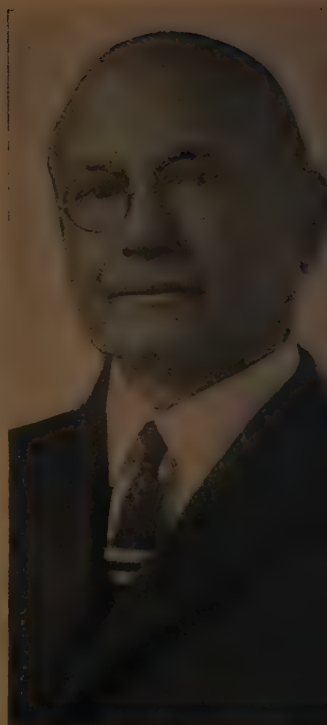
Snavelly says proudly. "Father thought a boy could learn the rules from the book easily enough, but unless those two principles were in his heart, the rules could never be carried out. I don't think he ever told me not to smoke, swear or drink. But I never have. I just didn't think it necessary, and I knew he wouldn't like it."

Snavelly was transferred to a church in Altoona, Pennsylvania when Carl was six. There the youngster played in the first football game he ever saw. "Most of the kids were older than I," the Cornell mentor explains, "and I got more than a few bruises. But I decided while Dad was massaging my aching muscles with rubbing alcohol that I was going to be a football player." So, Carl saved up his spending money and bought a football. It wasn't many months before the boys would go in a huddle, size up the yardage necessary and agree "Give Snavelly the ball. He hits like a freight engine."

Boyish tempers flared occasionally. There would be sharp words and sometimes blows. "I learned away back in those days," Mr. Snavelly reminisces, "that a quick temper doesn't win the game for your side. Perhaps it's really a matter of self-control. Dad taught me that. And when a player of mine lost a game for us a few seasons ago by slugging an opposing linesman, I took him aside and told him he had lost the game for the other ten boys on the team. And for himself. The poor kid was so ashamed, he had tears in his eyes. I never saw him lose his temper again."

His father's careful mental training, plus the physical assets of clean living, soon made Carl a powerful, graceful and extremely intelligent athlete. He captained football and basketball teams at Lebanon Valley College and was an honor student besides. After a brief period as an assistant coach at Kiski Prep, he went to Vandergrift School in Pennsylvania and then to a coaching position at Cincinnati Franklin Prep. He was so well liked in the latter city that the University of Cincinnati hired him as an assistant coach for two seasons and then Marietta College grabbed him to build their team. But eventually his first school, Kiski, clamored for his services and he returned to Pennsylvania, there to lead Kiski to an undefeated season in 1922, among its victims being such powerful opponents as Pitt, Cornell and Penn State Freshmen.

As head coach and athletic director at Bellefonte (Pa.) Academy, Snavelly later developed what are probably the greatest prep teams of all time. During his four years there his teams won thirty-four games while losing only four. The larger schools rubbed their eyes and refused to believe this remarkable record; Bucknell University decided such a coach might do something to a college team and they promptly hired young Carl Snavelly. He didn't disappoint them;



REV. CHARLES C. SNAVELLY, FATHER OF

in seven years Bucknell teams under tutelage won forty-two games and only sixteen. After that he went to University of North Carolina, turned a team that lost only once and then the spring of 1936 was appointed coach at Cornell. He's there yet and "Big Red's" undefeated-untied record 1939 indicates that Ithaca is a little more than proud of Carl Snavelly.

When you can get Cornell's hero stop talking about his father—which almost refuses to do—you find the broad-shouldered, boyish looking coach with a modesty that is as appealing as it is sincere. To any football fan, Snavelly's record is little short of remarkable, yet he refuses to regard it as anything out of the ordinary. "What dad taught me about clean living and clean thinking, plus twenty-five years coaching the grandest type of American boy, are the only things responsible," he insists. But when you remind him even the grandest American boy can't score a touchdown unless he has a coach who has spent weary hours drilling a team for that triumphant second, Snavelly breaks down a bit. "Well," he admits smiling, "I guess I do demand a pretty high standard of execution."

But it's not only the perfection brilliantly executed forward pass or the reverse. It's the desire for perfection that is in the heart of every boy gives him that will to win cleanly and decisively. To bring that out is a tougher job than diagramming plays on a blackboard. That is Carl Snavelly's



CARL SNAVELY AS HE LOOKS IN "CIVILIAN" DRESS

and he has done that job extremely well. "A boy with a tremendous ambition to be perfect is the greatest candidate for the varsity a coach can have," Snavelly repeats again and again. He's too considerate to mention names, but he tells of boys who became all-Americans, who, in their freshmen years were awkward and seemingly unable to do a single thing right. "But they had that ambition to succeed and nothing stopped them," the Cornell coach says. "Every time I saw that happen I was reminded of my father picking his way through Nebraska blizzards to attain his goal. It's the greatest quality a man can have." But that quality of success can be gained only through cleanliness both on the field and off the playing ground, Snavelly believes. He is by no means dogmatic, but he states simply no athlete ever became great and remained that way by ignoring the simple rules of a clean mind in a clean body. His code of square play is simple: "Give the most you have with what you have, and don't try to beat the rules." A football player who uses alcohol and tobacco is not as good as he would be if he didn't—and he is a menace to the morale of the

team. A tackle who slugs is never as effective as one who plays his position according to rules. No quarterback who is a dunce in the classroom can be as smart as the field general who is an honor student.

Carl Snavelly is especially insistent about the latter point. A smart player has more initiative, he believes. And he shows little mercy to a player, even though the boy may be an all-American candidate, who sneers at textbooks. Football is only a part of his education. However important it may be, Snavelly feels the measure of a player's ability can be judged by the boy's performance in the classroom. The Hollywood conception of a villainous Latin prof who flunked the star halfback and consequently lost the game for alma

mater doesn't get any sympathy from Cornell's football coach. "Even though we would lose the game, I'd agree with the prof," Snavelly says firmly. "If that boy isn't intelligent enough to master Latin, I'd hate to trust him completely with the ball in a critical situation on the field."

There are mothers, Coach Snavelly was reminded, who hate to see their boys play that "rough old game of football." The blue eyes of the man who has taught at least 30,000 boys the game crinkle in a smile. "That's natural, I guess," he agrees. "But I don't think mothers should be too unfair. The game is a bit rough, but in my twenty-five years as coach, I've yet to see a boy suffer any permanent injury. Naturally, I'm sure the boy is in the peak of condition before he even scrimmages. All modern colleges have expert trainers and doctors who refuse to let a boy participate in a game if he has even a slight physical defect. The game may be a bit rough, but so is life. Football has no place in the schools unless it builds a high standard of character and conduct. I really believe four years of football under a coach of high principles should

give a boy a mental and physical foundation that will carry him through life itself. I say this with the understanding that these same mothers send to me boys who were benefited by applied Christianity. Without that earlier foundation, my job is next to impossible."

A glance at Snavelly's record indicates that those mothers sent him ideal material. Especially at Cornell has his ability to "get the most out of the boys" been in evidence. When he came to Ithaca in 1936 he found practically a green squad; by 1937 he had developed a team that defeated such football greats as Colgate, Penn State, Columbia and others. In 1938 the team that Snavelly had developed as sophomores and juniors, won five games and lost one for the championship of the Ivy League. In 1939 Cornell was undisputed champion and the smashing upset handed Ohio State last October stamped Snavelly's eleven as one of the nation's outstanding teams. Only Cornell's policy against post-season games kept the "Big Red" out of the Rose Bowl.

While training his boys, Snavelly wears the traditional baseball cap and sweater of the coach. But his quiet generalship and friendly advice is in direct contrast with the loud and occasionally brutal tongue-lashings of many football directors. After a game he lets the boys relax and never reprimands them until the following Monday. Then he shows them movies of the entire action, pointing out mistakes, cautioning here, praising there. This he supplements with individual letters to the boys, and the Snavelly door is always open to the player who wants to drop in during the evening to discuss ways of improving his game. Many times the talk does not concern football: boys bring many problems to Coach Snavelly—and they have learned to respect his advice.

Snavelly has turned out many all-Americans, although he is not an enthusiastic advocate of this individual rating of football stars. The best player he has ever coached, Snavelly believes, was Clark Hinkle of Bucknell, a back-field man who went on to gain fame with the professional Green Bay Packers. Other "greats" include Nick Drahos, Cornell tackle; Roth, McKeever, McCullough, Jerome "Brud" Holland, Barclay and Amos Dreshar.

Holland was one of the greatest ends ever to race down a football field. And "Brud" was a Negro. Coach Snavelly, a Southerner from a long line of Virginia pioneers, says that he saw Holland only as a clean-living, clean-thinking athlete and that those few who raised the question of prejudice were not only unfair but Unchristian. "I've never allowed race prejudice on a football team," he says and adds, "I'm glad to say that I've never seen it among any of my boys. That's not due to me: the average American boy whether Protestant, Catholic or

(Continued on page 57)



"STOP! STOP! HE IS NOT BRITISH—HE IS AMERICAN!"

THE STORY OF MEDICAL MISSIONS

Dr. Judd In China

THE bandits had taken Shaowu. There had been the customary looting and terror and now there was to be an execution. Along the slippery banks of the Min River they shoved a young foreigner, a doctor. This doctor, said the bandit leader, was a turtle of an Englishman, and the bandits had sworn to shoot every Englishman in China.

The usual crowd of village gawkers was out to see the shooting; there was pity on this face or that, pity that dared not speak. There was speculation as to how he would behave when the rifles

were aimed, how he would die. And all of a sudden there was a little Chinese farmer who broke out of the crowd and threw himself directly in the line of fire, shouting, "Stop. Stop! He is not British. He is American." A blow from a soldier's hand knocked him down; he got up and shouted again and this time they tore open his coat and stabbed him with a bayonet, but he kept at it: "This you must not do. This young doctor—he is American, I tell you. I myself have been with him in his America." The crowd roared; everybody knew the little liar had not been outside the hills of Shaowu,

his whole life. But the bandit captain was curious.

"If you can prove he is American, he is free," said the captain.

For a long moment the farmer stood twisting his hands, helpless. Prove it! He had won the doctor a moment's reprieve, but—how could he prove it? He heard the doctor's steady voice:

"Tell them to look in my pocket."

They tore open the pocket—and took out a passport bearing on its first page the magic words: "Walter H. Judd, Citizen of the United States." They untied him and let him go. As he stood aside, the rifles barked and those still tied dropped backward into the Min.

"Why did you do this," asked the doctor of the farmer.

"Many moons ago," came the reply. "You cured me of pain. I have not forgotten." Aye, many moons ago—many moons that the doctor had forgotten—this Chinese peasant had come in to the doctor's hospital with a boil on his neck, and he had "had his pain cut away," like thousands of others. There are thousands in China who will never forget the healing hand of Walter Judd; there are tens of thousands in America who have heard his voice—not his story; they have heard him speak from pulpit and lecture platform, in China; when Town Hall in New York wanted a man to speak for China at their Town-Meeting-of-the-Air broadcast, they asked Dr. Judd. He has probably done more than any other single

DEMONS *and* DOCTORS

By Frank S. Mead

individual in America to rouse Americans to the plight of sad Cathay. He has good reason to do that; for one thing he loves the Chinese; for another, the Japanese blew up his hospital.

Let's go back and trace the road followed by this amazing modern man of medicine. Walter Judd grew up as most of us grow up; he was a typical American boy on the plains of Nebraska. Sunda School, Boy Scouts, Hi-Y. He might have turned out as most of us turn out—he might have become a quiet man doing a quiet job in a quiet Nebraska town—if it hadn't been for Hi-Y. At seventeen he went to a Hi-Y convention and heard Dad Elliot.

Many an older, reading this, will re-

member Dad; it's just too bad that this generation doesn't know him. He was the kind of man who could talk about a common weed and make you wish you had weeds like that in your front yard; he could talk to a man who laughed at the Chinese and make him wish he were Chinese. He talked about the Chinese that day at the Convention, and when he was through young Walter Judd was on his way to China, via medical school.

He made a fine record in High School, college, medical school; his doctor-professors said he would make a lot of money at medicine; he had the healing touch. But making money was the last idea in his mind. Came commencement and an M. D. diploma; then Walter Judd presented himself to his Mission Board and said, "I'm ready."

The Board said, "You go to China." His heart pounded as he packed his bags and scampered for the first boat. The trip to Hong Kong was agony; boats are so slow, and you can't get off and walk. Weeks later he found himself in a tiny rice-boat going up the River Min. There at last. China!

Up, up the Min into the interior; farther, farther away from neighbors, Nebraska, friends, home, everything. Deeper, deeper into a world in which he was foreign, strange, alone. Fewer and fewer white faces he saw now; a world of yellow faces engulfed him, and he was startled when he looked into his shaving mirror and saw that his face

self the only American in this fear-struck section of Fukien.

Yet he kept his clinic and his little hospital open. Patients trickled in. Mothers came, mothers who had just had babies, mothers who were desperately near death after the cruel ministrations of the old Chinese midwives. Babies with rickets. Coolies hurt in the street. Old men with boils on their necks. He brought life into the world and he helped old patriarchs out of it. It was hard; Judd doesn't like to emphasize the romance of missions; he says it's nine-tenths grueling, heartbreaking labor, one-tenth romance.

He had plenty of reason to say "I'm wasting my time here. This flood of human misery is too much for any one man to handle. It's impossible; it's . . ." But he didn't. No missionary ever does; I've never yet heard of a missionary who ran from that hard labor; especially in China the very magnitude of the job grips you, fascinates you. There is something about China that will not let you go; I've yet to hear of anyone who has been there who doesn't want to go back; or of anyone who has lived there who ever wants to live anywhere else.

It gripped Judd, in spite of the fact that many of those he had come to help were suspicious, if not hostile to him and to his job. Many clung to their old magic, their old native doctors, their old ways. But the few who came were grateful, and that was enough. He was

meant his life. For six months it dragged on with death waiting around every corner. Judd kept his clinic open; he got little sleep, less help. A few who had not forgotten came in; most were afraid to be seen in "foreigner's company." A new type of patient arrived. Soldiers, bleeding; the men of Lu Hsin Ming, long without medical attention, surly, domineering, sick. He treated them all as he would have treated his best friend. He charged them nothing; it was charged off on the clinic books to charity; they laughed in his face and called him a fool for doing it, but pain was pain and a man was a man, so he kept on. (The missionary, incidentally, is one of the few individuals left in the modern world who actually believes that all men are brothers.)

Soon after his escape from the firing squad (which we described in the beginning,) Dr. Judd was puttering around his clinic when he heard the door open and shut softly; he whirled—and looked into the face of Lu Hsin Ming himself. Over one eye Lu wore a dirty bandage; his other eye glared sullenly. Judd motioned him to a chair and took off the bandage; a minor—but very painful—eye infection. The doctor treated it, put on a clean bandage and stood back. Lu looked at himself in a mirror, grunted, shifted the sword at his hip and walked out. Not a word had passed between them.

The doctor heard no more from the bandit until New Year's Eve; then Lu came again, with no bandage at all. Judd sighed in deep relief; cured! The General refused the offer of a chair, looked the doctor straight in the eye and said:

"We are leaving tonight. You have been good to my men, and to me. I was going to take you along, but I've changed my mind. We have paid you nothing. How much do I owe you?"

Judd made a show of looking over his books and told the General that \$100 would cover it. Lu threw a handful of money on the table. When he had gone Judd counted it: \$170. The bandits marched out of Shaowu an hour later; the leader marched them out hurriedly, at midnight, purposely, so they couldn't tear the town apart before they left. Something had happened to General Lu; he rode out in the rain with his head in his collar, muttering strange things about the strange young man from Nebraska. When Dr. Judd talks about the incident now, he says, "Love works! If God can change the heart of a man like Lu Hsin Ming, he can change anybody." Anybody! That's the word for it—the word, the reason, the justification, the open sesame of the whole missionary cause—anybody, everybody!

The doctor came home on furlough shortly after Lu marched out at midnight, and the day he left there were 400 people on the bank of the Min to see him off. He looked up at them from the seat in the little rice-boat; a



© Wide World
DR. WALTER H. JUDD

THE FIRST OF A SERIES

This article by Frank Mead is
the first of a series on the out-
standing foreign missionaries
of the world and their work

getting along, enlarging his clinic, making friends, planning a hospital—when the Communists came. The war caught up with Shaowu with a roar as the bandits captured the town and Lu Hsin Ming, their chief, came in triumph through the great city gate. Cruel and relentless, Lu had scourged Fukien with a merciless whip and made life a horror for everyone he met and scorched the earth every time he touched it. His rabble-army took over, and Judd woke up one fine morning to find himself virtually a prisoner behind the walls of Shaowu, at the mercy of a Communist killer. Troops were quartered in his hospital; the troops' horses were stabled in his compound.

It was a bad spot; one little mistake, one word dropped carelessly would have

was not yellow. He reached journey's end at Shaowu, a war-scarred, bandit-ridden little city of Fukien.

Foreigners in Shaowu moved carefully. Indeed, the Chinese townsmen of Shaowu moved carefully. The wise citizen stayed behind the walls of his city, venturing never into the bandit-infested hills beyond; the wisest of the wise stayed behind the walls of their houses. (Walls, walls, walls; you can't go anywhere in China without running into a wall.) And now, with most of the foreigners gone for safety out of the town, the white-faced doctor found him-

lot of them would be dead before he could get back to them. He didn't want to go. They didn't want him to go. They watched the little boat out of sight around the bend, and then they went home, sullenly. There was a dull grey sky overhead. But . . . he would come back.

He never came back. New Board orders, after a furlough spent at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, sent him to take over a big hospital in North China where he found himself in possession of 150 beds, a dispensary and clinic that treated 12,000 patients for everything from common colds to cancer, and the

schools, colleges, agricultural stations—and hospitals—were multiplying fast.

Judd's hospital flourished. His vision found good soil here; around him he was gathering a coterie of native Chinese doctors, laboratory men, pathologists, pharmacologists, trained in western medical science, who could carry on long after he had left them. He dreamed of the day when there would be enough of them to carry on alone. It didn't seem impossible, just then.

Of course, there was opposition. He had the old Chinese doctors to deal with, and the superstitions of the old Chinese "medicine" to deal with. He was sur-

they had 120 descriptions of the variations of the human pulse. One pulse beat they called "like the rolling of peas under the finger-tips;" another was as "the trembling of tea-leaves in the wind." Sometimes, many times, they were right about the pulse.

And often they were pitifully, tragically wrong. They were wrong in their old method of driving long sharp needles into the body to drive out the pain-demons. Sometimes the needles (old, unclean, even rusty) broke off in the body. One baby was brought into the Fenchow hospital with 120 needle-punctures in his skin, and every puncture was infected. They were wrong, too, in their hoary old idea that mothers after childbirth should be kept in a dark room and should be fed for one moon (thirty days) solely on a diet of millet gruel. Dr. Judd used Mrs. Judd to overcome that one; she went to the hospital when her baby came, where the native women could see; mere hours after birth she had the nurse bring her a big husky sandwich. The Chinese women gasped: "You're not going to eat *that*?" She ate it. They waited for her to die. She disappointed them; she didn't die. Today other young Fenchow mothers are eating big husky meals hours after childbirth, and living to tell about it. The death rate has gone down. . . .

It was all running in high gear when the blow fell. Just as the vision was working out, the Japanese came. The "Chinese Incident" was on, and the enemy was moving in from the north, driving back the men of Chiang Kai-shek. Mrs. Judd and the children were bundled off to Hong Kong and a boat home; the doctor stayed. Write that down in your notebook in capitals: the doctor stayed. Hundreds of doctors—missionary doctors—have stayed on in China, writing an epic of heroism that Chinese children will read about for years to come. Judd stayed on.

He worked with one eye on his patients and the other scanning the sky for bombers. It wasn't long before he began to get another type of patient—the type he had treated in the days of Lu Hsin Ming. Gunshot wounds. Shell shock. He gave hours to taking bomb splinters out of human (civilian) bodies. He amputated legs, cut off arms. He looked at those shell splinters now and then and saw that they were made of American steel or scrap-iron. That hurt.

As the enemy came on the refugee parade began. He stood in his hospital doorway and watched them go by. Hundreds, thousands. "Forty million innocent people," says Dr. Judd, "Forty million people have been driven out on the roads, to wander hungry and forlorn over the face of the parched earth of China. Five, ten million have dropped and died along the road." It was the greatest mass-movement in all history. They stumbled along, clutching their few poor

(Continued on page 67)



CHINESE CHILDREN CRIPPLED IN JAPANESE RAIDS



THIS GIRL WAS RESCUED ALIVE AFTER BEING BURIED IN TONS OF MASONRY

only American nurse in the city. Yet he had more than that one fine nurse to help him; he had a vision. Visions were plentiful in China just then; they seemed to be growing on trees. All China was talking of The New Day; from Canton to Peking they were enthusing about the New Life Movement. New paved roads (China's great need for centuries) were being built with unbelievable speed; new miles of railroad track raced across the land with Gulliver strides; the public was taxed for free public education for every Chinese child! Christian churches,


rounded by millions who still drank down their solutions of boiled "dragon's claws" for stomach-ache; they still talked of "cold pain" and "warm pain"; of the yin and yang systems of the human body and of how you had to warm up the one with one variety of magic potion and cool off the other with white onions and pig's gall. Sometimes this native medicine worked; there is more power in lowly herbs than this world dreams of. There were times when Mayo-trained Dr. Judd bowed in respect to the old lore; as, for instance, when he found

THE FACT OF CHRIST

A Sermon, by

JOHN S. WHALE

President of Cheshunt College, Cambridge University, England

 **L**AST summer I met a man in the Middle West of America who had never seen the sea. He had seen it at the Pictures, presumably, but that was all. It made me think of those Mosquito Indians who have never seen snow; and of Eskimos who have no word for "sheep" in their language because, naturally enough, they know nothing of sheep. Blake's poem, "Little lamb, who made thee?" would be meaningless to Eskimos because it can't be translated in terms of their day-to-day experience. They know baby seals, but not lambs.

Isn't all human knowledge limited like this? If truth were offered to us in terms of what we couldn't understand, it would be no good to us; if it didn't "come within our ken," it would be meaningless. It might mean much to angels or to intelligent beings living on Mars, but not to us who are born and die on this planet. All the learning in the Encyclopedia Britannica is earthbound; the only truth we can know is rooted here, in the soil of human history. God Himself, the Source of all truth, respects this fact of His own appointing.

Indeed our knowledge of God Himself must be given to us in terms of our life together in history—or not at all. Unless He comes somehow within the compass of our understanding He remains the Great Unknown. If He is really to deal with us in judgment and mercy as the living God, He must draw near to us just where we live; in homes

and streets and workshops; in families and cities, nations and empires; in council chamber, hospital ward and concentration camp. The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity must come as close as that. What if He should come so close as to be one of us, embracing our broken humanity, wearing this robe of flesh and strange infirmity, and uttering His word with power and great glory, first of all in a cradle and last of all in a grave? What if the Word should take flesh and dwell among us? Is it credible? Is it even thinkable?

To such questions, which the generations of men have never ceased to ask about God the fact of Christ is the answer. Indeed, if it is not the decisive answer there is no answer, save that of classic pessimism: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Thomas Carlyle once wrote a famous chapter entitled "The Everlasting Yea." Well, to be a Christian is to live in the faith that Jesus Christ is God's Everlasting Yea in a world where evil shouts "No" with brutal truculence. There was such a Man, in historic time. Your world and mine, which contains cancer and the earthquake, and all the savageries, lies and ruthless pride of man, also contains this Son of Man. His way of living among us and His way of dying, are no wistful dream of what might be, but historic fact. This happened, and we have to reckon with it. What He was and what He did are real as the Matterhorn or thunder or death. His Cross is the great-

est moral fact in the world's history.

Who then is He, that He should be believed in as none other has ever been? How are we to make sense of the plain fact that with Him there entered into the stream of human life a spiritual energy of unique power, to which history can show no parallel?

Much has been written, said and done in answer to this momentous question: a vast literature in a thousand languages; an unceasing, growing flood of personal witness across centuries and continents. Here I must be content with saying two things about it.


First, Jesus Christ was a Man in the full true sense of the word. The fact which confronts us here in all the wonder of its perfection, is the Fact of Personality. He was no phantom, archangel or ethereal demigod, playing a human rôle on the world's stage in order to edify and inspire us, but a man living upon victuals, and knowing what it was to have an aching back and sweat upon His face. This son of Abraham was "a son of fact"; poor, born in a barn, working, journeying, praying; touched with a feeling of our infirmities; healing the souls and bodies of the pathetic multitude; tempted as we are tempted; brave, humorous, pure, tender; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; man enough to weep over the woes of His brethren; bearing on His heart the burden and shame of their sin, yet standing in with them and loving them to the end. Utterly clear-sighted, He was the trenchant debater, ruthlessly exposing the shams and shoddiness of much conventional piety. Without a trace of self-pity, He went deliberately to Jerusalem to die. His was the highest, holiest manhood this world has seen or can see; and at the last—we men and women being what we are—He was nailed to a gallows to die with criminals, the innocent victim of fear, bigotry, jealous hatred, political opportunism, and legalized murder. He was crucified, dead and buried.

The crucial fact here is that in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren. That life which He lived before the crisis came was no "Galilean Idyll," as romanticists have supposed, but richly and starkly human. Jesus was no stranger, for instance, to the frantic multiplicity of man's economic and political life, which was just as real in Palestine nineteen centuries ago as it is in Glasgow or Detroit today. In their essentials, the problems of banking, oil-monopoly, markets and unemployment were as clamorous in the crowded bazaars of Galilee in the first century as they are in New York or Tokio in the twentieth. The passions, joys and woes of men's hearts are the same the world over and in every age; they are not intensified because they are multiplied; the picture is the same picture, whether its canvas be small or big. And the Son of Man knew it. He needed

(Continued on page 69)



By MARGARET E.
SANGSTER

 AS SHE lay in the soft wide bed watching the November sunshine slide over the quilted coverlet, the little girl was thinking back across miles of stormy sea to the home she had left. Mother—where was Mother, now, she wondered? There had been some talk of going to the country, but Mother had said, ever so bravely, that she wanted to keep the home together, if possible. Just in case daddy—the little girl gulped back her sobs—just in case daddy came to them unexpectedly, on leave!

Mother—and daddy. And the house and the wee garden in which she had played with her dolls and the set of blue china doll dishes—were *they* still as she remembered them? Or was the garden like that frightening garden, two squares away, which had suddenly become a deep hole in the ground? And was the house like that tragic house, across the street, with a great gaping tear in its roof?

Lying in bed the little girl tried to piece together vague happenings. The first night, for instance, when the air raid alarms had sounded, filling the darkness with horror. She hadn't cried—indeed, she had been too terrified to cry. And in the long chain of dark screaming nights that followed she had learned to bite her under lip to still its trembling, and to shake the moisture from her eyes.

Would it be dark back home, the little girl wondered, as one finger traced the pattern of sunlight that glorified the quilted coverlet. On the ship that brought her across the ocean they had explained the difference in time between home and here. They had told her, smiling with a forced brightness, that she was gaining five whole hours—and wasn't it wonderful! But in her heart of hearts the little girl had felt that she wasn't gaining anything at all. She had felt that she was losing something precious.

Losing something. That brought up



It was a gay spaniel, all pink tongue and flapping ears

In Time for the Holiday

another picture. Had Mother ever found the white kitten which had leaped through a broken window in that grim hour when a shell came breathtakingly close? The kitten's small face had looked so stark as it peered back before it went through the shattering glass. After the all-clear had sounded, she and Mother had gone looking for the kitten, but the

kitten wasn't anywhere. And yet, maybe it had returned after a space of days, or Mother had come upon it, hiding, in a corner. The little girl hoped so, fervently. Mother would be less lonesome if she had the kitten for company.

Mother had gone to the station holding her hand tight. They had walked carefully through the torn streets—it

was so easy to stub the toe of a shiny new shoe on the great paving stones that were thrown recklessly about. Mother hadn't talked on the way to the station and the little girl hadn't talked, either. Only when the uniformed man who was taking the children to the ship stood before them did Mother's voice break through a shrouded silence. When her words came finally they were so casual that they hurt.

"My young daughter won't make any trouble," Mother said, "will you, dear? She'll be brave—I'm certain of it. She knows that we must all be brave."

The man who was taking the children to the ship nodded. "Yes, we must all be brave," he said, and then for no reason at all he added, "Cheerio!" And then Mother had bent down and had kissed the little girl and had turned quickly and disappeared into the crowd. And the little girl had entered the train and the train had taken her to the ship and the ship had taken her farther and farther away from everything she knew and loved.

Terror of submarines and terror of storms and griping seasickness which hurt the pride as much as it hurt the tummy, and other children who huddled together and talked in whispers—because they had grown used to talking in whispers. And then landing in the late afternoon when the dock was already shrouded in dusk—but a dusk that was cut by a myriad of lights. That period of landing had passed in a daze for the little girl. She hadn't even said goodbye to the friends she had made during the voyage. Perhaps she didn't say goodbye because she was bewildered by the tall skyscrapers that lined the harbor. It wasn't their height that bewildered her—it was the fact that they were all aglow, Windows and windows, and each one a yellow square! The little girl had become accustomed to blackness, so thick that you could cut it with a knife, and the glowing windows were a torment and a reproach.

They had given her to—"the one who will be your hostess, dear." And she had glanced up shyly into the round face that peered down at her. The "one who will be your hostess" was stout and silver-haired. Mother was slim and golden-haired. There was a tall gentleman with the hostess lady. He stooped a little and his eyes were kind—so, for that matter, were the lady's eyes. Their eyes made the little girl welcome, but their voices increased her bewilderment. It seemed as if their sentences ran into each other—their very syllables were blurred—the little girl's ears, you see, were used to clipped speech. After a moment the lady had drawn her close and kissed her and said, "We're so glad you got here in time for the holiday!" And the man had added, "We'll have a jolly time tomorrow, don't you fret yourself about that!" The little girl had nodded agreement although she hadn't

quite realized what they meant. Back home the next holiday would be Christmas with its pantomime and toys and plum pudding. Only this year there mightn't be toys or a pantomime, and there certainly wouldn't be a plum pudding!

From the dock there had been a swift ride in a motor car. It wasn't a very new car—it had an odd thumpy engine—but to the little girl it was unbelievably grand. Back home, where gasoline was scarce, one no longer rode in cars . . . When the man and the woman found that she was tongue-tied and confused, they stopped asking questions and talked together, over her head. They talked quietly and gently.

"Such a thin mite," the woman said, "her arms and legs make my heart ache." And the little girl, listening vaguely, wanted to explain that before people went on food rations her legs and arms had been quite plump. So plump, in fact, that daddy had laughed and called her "Miss Tubby."

The man—he was driving—spoke next. He said, "We'll soon fatten her up. Milk and butter and fresh eggs will work wonders." And then all at once he had put his arm around the little girl—driving for the moment with one hand—and had hugged her quite hard. "We never had a kid of our own," said the man huskily, "and you're young enough to be our grandchild."

She had gone to sleep in the car riding away from the dock, through streets so brilliant that they seemed very nearly naked. She had waked briefly to a cup of cocoa, steaming and comforting, and she dimly remembered being bundled into a nightie and put to bed. And then it was morning and the sunshine was sliding across the quilted coverlet. . . .

There were sounds coming up from the floor below—sounds of a house being brought to attention. The little girl recognized them. There was a tiny crash as if somebody had moved a pan, and there was the sound of running water and the louder sound of an oven door opening and closing. It probably meant

that breakfast was ready, but the little girl wasn't hungry—yet. She wondered if she should get up and dress and then she realized that she didn't know where her clothes had been laid away, the night before. Perhaps if somebody came to the door she could ask. Perhaps if she called! But it would be impolite to call out—from a strange bed in a strange room. She tried coughing instead of calling, but the cough sounded weak—even to her own ears. And then there was a pattering of feet and something jumped up beside her, and she felt a cold nose pressed against her face.

It was a puppy—a cocker spaniel—and the fur above his nose was white, although most of the rest of him was ebony. It was a gay spaniel, all pink tongue and flapping ears, and as the little girl hugged it in her arms she stopped remembering the lost kitten for a moment. She had wanted a puppy always, but in the city a puppy was so hard to care for. "This must be country," she said aloud, and a voice from the room's threshold answered her.

"We call ourselves suburbanites," said the voice, "but it's *almost* country," and the little girl saw that the stout lady, swathed in an enveloping gingham apron, was standing on the threshold. The lady was smiling.

"So you and Tippy have found each other," said the lady. "We call him Tippy because the tip of his tail is white, too!" She laughed, although she hadn't said anything really funny, and the little girl joined in the laughter. Something about the puppy made her feel like laughing.

"May Tippy and I run and play?" asked the little girl. "I mean in the grass, out of doors?" and the lady nodded. "Try and not play with him!" chuckled the lady. "He's a holy terror."

The little girl surveyed her hostess above the snuggling head of the spaniel. She stared almost rudely, only she didn't mean to be rude, and the lady stared back.


"I wonder," said the lady finally, "you know how glad father and I are to— to give you a home . . . We haven't much

(Continued on page 52)

Illustrator DOROTHY SCHNELLOCK



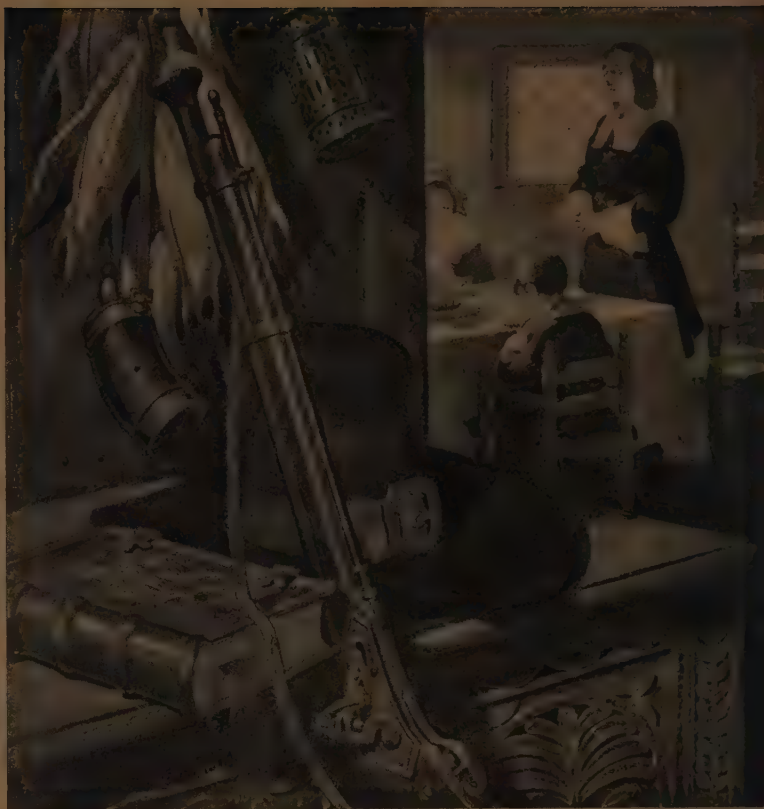
By NANCY
RICHEY
RANSON

 **THANKSGIVING** is a day of giving thanks for blessings—and something more, as we Americans observe it. With its turkey and its pumpkin pie, it is typically American, just as the Pilgrim Fathers handed it down to us. When the four men Governor Bradford sent out into the woods for game for that first Thanksgiving of the Colonists in November 1621, returned with more turkeys than any other game, the precedent was set. Since then Thanksgiving without turkey has been—well, a sort of minor Thanksgiving. The Pilgrim mothers must have thought there was just a little *too much* fellowship for that first great occasion—Massasoit's company numbering ninety Indians. In fact, the guest list was almost double that of the hosts, including children. True, the Indians supplied five deer, which helped some. But imagine how many pumpkin pies were needed to go round!

That was the first truly large American Thanksgiving, considered from the number of persons present. There had been lesser occasions. It was the custom after the almost interminable voyages of those days—to say nothing of the uncertainty of the final destination—when the ship came safely to shore, for those aboard to fall on their knees and give thanks for terra firma. But the Pilgrims took that time out of the year 1621, after the harvest was made, to offer thanks for a bountiful crop.

The Mayflower had landed during the "melancholy" days of November, "the saddest of the year." Why had they not waited a few months, so that they might have been welcomed by smiling shores, by green trees and wild fruits and berries? Anyway, they didn't. They came to bleak rocky coasts at the most dreary time they could choose for building homes. It must have tried the men's hearts, laboring daily in the snowy forests, felling trees for that first "common house." It really was a hospital, into which to carry from the ship the ill and dying. During that whole winter the group kept the Mayflower there and stayed within its close quarters. Only in March were the "two rows of houses, with a wide street between" completed, so that all could live on land.

All, that is, who were left. During that bitter winter, forty-six of the 101 persons who had come to Plymouth died. At one time during the trying times less than a dozen remained well enough to care for the rest who were ill. But spring came, and with it new life and hope



Thanksgiving Day, 1621

Always a distinctively American holiday, Thanksgiving of this year, 1940, will be celebrated with even greater than usual fervor, because more than ever before the people of this favored country are realizing how fortunate they are to be Americans

blossomed in the downcast hearts. The country grew soft and tender, a green and white spring very much like that of England. It was as if it were extending a belated welcome to the men and women and children.

Now the little houses were ready for their occupants. Household goods and supplies were brought from the ship. The four small cannon were placed on a hill within a hastily constructed fort. They were thankful, even then. But they were weary after that hard winter, and they were grieving for the dear ones who had not been able to withstand the hardship and cold. They must have felt a loneliness, too, when, in April, the Mayflower spread its sails and set out again for the Old Country. They had suffered not only from cold, hunger and illness. One report is that they had been "terrified by the roar of lyons;" that "wolves had sat on their tayles and grinned at them."

The friendship of the great Massasoit was a boon to the Colony. This chief very

early paid a visit to the Pilgrims. So did Samocet and Squanto. Not only did the Indians make peace treaties with the Colonists, but they taught them how to plant grain, how to use fish for fertilizer, and how to hunt the abundant game in the forests.

Not long after they landed the Pilgrims, scouting in the woods for a location for their houses, found in some deserted Indian huts several baskets of corn. Some of this they ate; some they saved for their first crop. And how they watched the tender little green spears that came up from that sowing of the spring of 1621! It is a wonder that the little waving leaves did not wither just from coddling. But they flourished and grew stronger day by day. Anxious eyes that had gazed out fearfully after the departing Mayflower now turned to the growing crops. At last this new country began to feel like home.

There were twenty acres of corn, and six acres that had been planted to barley and peas. It seems like very little today,

but when one remembers that before it was planted, the land had to be cleared, it represents a prodigious amount of labor. And the Pilgrims were overjoyed with the abundance of the harvest. Not only the crops, but the frost that was "on the pumpkin" had driven the game in to the very edge of the settlement. There had been times of enforced fasting during the long cold winter, and probably a weariness of sea food during the summer. The rejoicing called for a special day set apart, like the old English Harvest Home, or the "Feast of Farewell" that Leyden friends of the Pilgrims had given them just before they set sail from Holland.

According to manuscripts from those early days, the Governor proclaimed December 13, 1621, as the day of Thanksgiving, so that the Colonists might "after a special manner rejoice together." The only neighbors were the Indian chief Massasoit and members of the tribes, and so they were invited for fellowship. Available fish included "codd, bass & other fish, of which they took good store." The four women in the Colony, with the aid of the young girls and one servant, prepared the food for that large gathering of Pilgrims and Indians. Priscilla must have had aching feet, running back and forth from the kitchen to the long room where the tables groaned, carrying delectable dishes, helping satisfy the enormous appetites of those ninety Indians. We might surmise that John Alden

cast many a sympathetic glance toward Priscilla; that Captain Miles Standish noticed the soft color that flushed her cheeks and her eagerness to please her father and the other Colonists on such an important occasion. One wonders if the famous romance may not have had its real beginning at this feast. There were other girls in the Colony who tripped back and forth with Priscilla, carrying great platters and dishes of food, but somehow she predominates the scene. It was thrilling enough, even without the abundance of food. Massasoit wore his finest regalia. It is easy to imagine the bright feathers and the streaks of paint on the faces of the savages. The Gov-

ernor must have had charge of the ceremonies attending the feast; must have offered the blessing before the feast began. It lasted for nearly a week.

The first Thanksgiving feast, we learn, included not only wild turkeys, some weighing as much as forty-eight pounds, but wild geese, ducks and waterfowl, codfish, clams, and oysters, barley loaves,

the form of a scorching drought that almost destroyed the crops entirely. By mid-July no relief was in sight. This time the Governor proclaimed a day of prayer and fasting, though everyone had been praying and fasting through necessity, anyway. However, almost immediately the drought ended. Refreshing rains fell. The drooping plants drank

greedily and took on new life. The crops were saved. And as if that were not enough, Captain Miles Standish brought good news to the Colony. He had set forth on a trip in the hope of finding food for the famishing settlers. He returned with news that a ship long expected from Holland, had been sighted. With full hearts the Pilgrims again celebrated a day of thankfulness. This was July 30, 1623. The next day the ship "Anne" arrived, bringing not only food, but members of the colony who, for lack of space, had been left behind by the Mayflower.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony observed a public day of thanksgiving in Boston in 1630. They also observed one in 1631. Crops had been good, but there were periodic failures. The Colonists had learned from their Indian neighbors to make flour out of acorns; how to use nuts as food. They dug clams and mussels until the ground froze. Snow fell and covered the nut supply. The game wandered far away. The corn supply grew so low that five grains were allotted to each person per day. Just as a day of fasting and prayer had been

proclaimed, the "Lyon," which Governor Winthrop had sent to England for food, arrived. The fast day became a day of rejoicing—another Thanksgiving Day: February 22, 1631. The next year both colonies united in a day of public thanksgiving. Until 1677 there were spasmodic celebrations. In that year the first regular Thanksgiving Proclamation was printed in Massachusetts. It became an annual custom, but was celebrated on different days, in different months, in the various years. Sometimes the day was appointed by the Church, sometimes by the state. Occasionally a year was skipped, an attack by Indians, or a far-off

(Continued on page 51)



A PROCLAMATION

STANDING together in the level gold of a late autumn sun flooding over the hilltops and giving here a tall steeple and here the weathervane cock of an ample barn stored with harvest, and there some westward window, each its moment of glory, while the peace of fulfilment, bearing under its heart the quick seed of renewal, falls upon field and vineyard, we are moved once more to praise the Lord of Life, our source and our stay through long generations. I therefore appoint Thursday, the twenty-eighth of November, as a day of Public Thanksgiving to be observed in our churches with fitting rites and in our homes with feasting in the goodly way of our fathers.

Especially during this year in the festivals of our founding, we have felt beside us the presence of souls unseen who have rendered the story of Connecticut worthy of grateful honor, and have entrusted to us its children their patience, their courage, their faith, their charity, their work and the joy of their being. We have drawn closer the ties of blood and of neighborhood. We have been stirred afresh to love for this plot of earth that holds us as in the hollow of a hand; and to loyalty for the high aim, still hard beset, still strong and unyielding, to raise upon this earth a just, friendly, and enlightened community—the fairest of all our portions.

As we keep and cherish these memories, with the remembrance of our many other blessings, it becomes us so to live out our lives by the truth of the past and the truth we see that our State may be in league with time, striving mightily forward, now and forever, toward the dawn of the Golden Age.

WILBUR L. CROSS



This proclamation, made in 1935 by former Governor Wilbur L. Cross, of Connecticut, is typical of his beautiful Thanksgiving proclamations, which have become famous the country over



cornbread, salad, fruits, and pastries of many kinds. Then there were the five deer: venison haunches and steaks and stews. Outside there were sports and games and contests, lasting until the participants were weary and hungry, and ready to feast again.

The wolf had been driven from the door temporarily, but it was back again in the summer of 1623. This time it took



A Drama of Today in Your Town... or Mine? In Three Scenes.

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

Scene One. The supper table in the John Jones family. Mrs. Jones is a pretty woman about forty with smooth dark hair, brown eyes, and a mouth that has been sweet but is now a trifle too compressed—as if there were things she would like to say but won't. Mr. Jones is about the same age, large, jovial, florid—the salesman type. His mouth is far from being compressed: he prides himself on saying what he wants to and if the other fellow doesn't like it he knows what he can do. Mrs. and Mr. Jones are seated at either end of the supper table, with a vacant chair pushed in at the table on one side, between them.

Mr. Jones: Where's Johnny tonight? (Takes a large bite of apple pie.)

Mrs. Jones: He went to a picnic at Belle Isle. With that bunch of youngsters there's been so much in the newspapers about lately . . . Allied . . . What is it? Allied Youth, I think they call it.

Mr. Jones: (Looking up, irritated.) I don't like his getting mixed up with that crowd, Mable. Hen Crabbis was talking to me about them today when I went in to his office to try to sign him up for another ten thousand . . . It's run by a lot of fanatics. Drys. You know, the kind that put all kinds of queer ideas in kids' heads. Talking about Belle Isle, Hen said those Allied Youth kids actually had the nerve to go to the City Aldermen's meeting yesterday at city hall to argue about the playground there!

Mrs. Jones: Playground? Did Johnny go to the meeting?

Mr. Jones: Mable, if you'd read something in the papers besides recipes for chocolate pudding . . . no, of course, Johnny didn't go. But those brats that did weren't any older than he is. Impudent, I call it. I don't know what's got into young people these days, telling their betters what to do . . .

"There aren't any words, are there, Mable? It was me that was the kid, instead of Johnny."

Mrs. Jones: I can't see why Allied Youth would object to the playground there. All those lovely trees and all. Remember, John, how Johnny used to love to go there when he was little? You bought him a baseball and I put up a lunch and we ate our suppers. . . . What was the Aldermen's meeting about?

Mr. Jones: Hen . . . er . . . someone's putting up a refreshment house next to the playground.

Mrs. Jones: (Puzzled.) But I should think the youngsters would love that! It's amazing the amount of cokes and icecream sodas they can put away and still survive.

Mr. Jones: Oh, they were raising Ned because the commissioner was granting a license to sell beer there.

Mrs. Jones: Oh! Right next to the playground?

Mr. Jones: Well, they wouldn't sell it to the kids, of course. There's other people go to Belle Isle. My gosh, Mable, I'm no boozehound and I like my beer, don't I? You wouldn't feed a baby pickles but is that any reason the rest of the

Do Fathers ALWAYS KNOW BEST ?

family can't eat 'em? What business of Allied Youth is it, anyway? They're not the ones paying taxes.

Mrs. Jones: But some of the children are so small there . . . I think it was rather fine of them, John, to try to look after the smaller youngsters that way. Only I don't suppose they could do much?

Mr. Jones: You're tootin' they did! You have to hand it to them in a way. They were smart, the way they did it. (Grins in spite of himself.) They notified the newspapers that the kids themselves were going to protest at the aldermen's meeting. Place simply swarmed with photographers, Hen said . . .

Mrs. Jones: Henry Crabbis was there?

Mr. Jones: (Crossly.) Of course he was. How do you think I heard about it? The Allied Youth gang brought a whole scad of little kids in pink dresses and bare knees and had them ask the city fathers to keep the beer away from

where they play . . . gosh, the thing didn't have a chance! Make a whale of a political picture, wouldn't it? Aldermen Refuse To Keep Kid's Playground Clean. They had to turn the beer down. Hen said he'd have made a pretty penny out of it . . . (Stops, realizing he has said more than he intended to.)

Mrs. Jones: (Slowly.) I see. So it was Hen's stand, was it?

Mr. Jones: Now see here, Mable, a man's got to make money any way he can, these times. You needn't turn up your nose at Henry Crabbis; not if you know which side your bread's buttered on. It's got cash to hand out, and that's more than most people have these days. I'm out to sell that bird a whale of a policy.

Mrs. Jones: I'm not turning up my nose, John.

Mr. Jones: (Mollified.) Did Johnny take Betty with him to the picnic?

Mrs. Jones: Yes. She's a pretty little thing.

Mr. Jones: They certainly begin early these days. But I must say, Johnny knows a good thing when he sees it. (Smiles at his wife.) Takes after the old man I guess.

Mrs. Jones: (Smiling back at him.) It's



JOHNNY AND BETTY

been a long time since I was fifteen. Johnny, the minister was here today. He wants us to come to the Family Night supper they're having next Wednesday. You and I and . . . well, I thought maybe Johnny could bring Betty too.

Mr. Jones: (Frowning again.) Honestly Mable, do you like church suppers? Besides, Wednesday. Seems to me there was something . . . (Takes out notebook and consults it.) Oh yes, that was the night Hen and his wife are giving a little party before dinner. . .

Mrs. Jones: Oh John, not another one. You know I don't like. . .

Mr. Jones: Now see here, Mable. It's all right for you not to take a cocktail if you don't want to. I never say a word about that, do I? But when it comes to business, a man's got a right to expect his wife to help him. You know perfectly well what a good prospect Hen is. . .

Mrs. Jones: I've always tried to help you, John. But well, Johnny's nearly sixteen now. He's getting older. I just thought if you and he could do a few things together, like Family Night. . .

Mr. Jones: Pal stuff, I suppose. Do you think I'm not looking out for Johnny? It's him I'm thinking of. He's got to go to college, hasn't he? How'm I going to get the cash, if you sulk at home just because. . .

Mrs. Jones: (Rising and going to the window.) All right, John. I'll go. There's Johnny. I thought I heard the bus stop. He's getting so big, John, it almost scares me.

Mr. Jones: Well, you don't want to keep him a baby all his life, do you?

Mrs. Jones: Of course not. Only seeing him running around with Betty this way, makes me remember. . . You know, I think young people these days think more about things outside themselves than we did, John. Well, like those Allied Youth, for instance. I never would have got all steamed up over a playground.

Mr. Jones: At Johnny's age I was earning my own bread and butter and don't you forget it. I didn't have time to go butting into other people's business, if that's what you mean. Young people today are too smart Aleck. They think the world's their business. . .

Mrs. Jones: Sh. Here he comes. But they're just the same about some things. . . (Raises her voice.) Want something more to eat, Johnny?

CURTAIN

Scene Two. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are putting on their wraps in the front hall of the Henry Crabbis home. Mrs. Jones is standing in front of a mirror watching her husband try to struggle into his coat. It has been so warm the men have taken them off for comfort. He is singing.

Mr. Jones: "When the moon comes over the mountain. . ."

Mrs. Jones: (Turning.) Be quiet, John. Here, I'll help you with your coat.

Mr. Jones: What's the matter with you? I'm all right. If I can't carry four little cocktails . . . I know what's the matter with you though. It's the tomato juice. Who could enjoy a party on that?

Mrs. Jones: Let's don't argue, John. Let's go home. I promised Johnny that if we got home in time, I'd drive him and Betty to the Allied Youth party out at the Country Club.

Mr. Jones: (Still struggling with his coat.) Don't worry about Johnny. He's there already. If that little Betty got dressed on time.

Mrs. Jones: John! You didn't let him take the Ford? You know he won't be sixteen until next week.

Mr. Jones: Johnny can drive all right.

Mrs. Jones: But he hasn't any license! If anything should happen. . .

Mr. Jones: (Putting his hat on the back of his head.) There you go again. Nagging. Johnny's all right. The Ford's all right. Gloomy Gertrude, that's you. Where's the car keys anyway? I thought I left 'em on the table.

Mrs. Jones: (Watches him look, finally opens her bag and pulls them out, but does not give them to her husband.) John, Let me drive. I . . . I like to drive at night. Please.

Mr. Jones: (Angrily.) Holding out on me. Gimme those keys, Mable. Want to boss me, don't you? Me'n Johnny. I don't blame him running out on you with the car. Nagging, nagging . . . gimme those keys! (He snatches them from his wife's hand.) I guess I can run my own car and my own kid! (He goes out right, slamming door. After a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Jones follows him. As the curtain falls you can hear the Jones car honking raucously backstage. There is something vaguely uneasy about the sound as if it were a warning to more than pedestrians, of danger.)

CURTAIN

Scene Three. Hospital room. Mr. Jones with heavy bandage about eyes is in bed, with nurse standing beside him. Nurse takes temperature, marks it on chart. Sits down in chair and takes up book to read, as Mr. Jones seems to be asleep.)

Mr. Jones: (Suddenly.) Nurse!

Nurse: Yes, Mr. Jones. I thought you were asleep.

Mr. Jones: You weren't kidding me? My . . . Mrs. Jones is all right?

Nurse: (Soothingly.) Of course. I told you. . .

Mr. Jones: Where is she? Why isn't she here?

Nurse: (Evading.) Well, you were knocked out quite a while, you know. She was here then, but she had to go away. She'll be back soon. Don't worry.

Mr. Jones: When a man's hurt, I should think his own wife . . . (Door opens slowly, right, and Mrs. Jones comes in. She is unhurt, but looks very pale. Comes to bed and stands there, speechless.) That you, Mable?

Mrs. Jones: Yes. Hello, John.

Mr. Jones: (Moving restlessly on bed.) You sound funny. Gosh, why did the doctor have to tie me up this way? I can't see a thing. . . You sure you're all right, Mable?

Mrs. Jones: Yes, John, I wasn't hurt. Only a little . . . shaken, I guess.

Mr. Jones: Where you been, Mable?

Mrs. Jones: (Moving away from the bed.) Oh just . . . outside.

(Continued on page 48)

Best of EVERYTHING

By Anne Tedlock Brooks



JULIE read the letter again. Carol was coming home. After three years.

Julie turned the stationery over in her hand. In itself it was symbolic of the girl who had written the three short paragraphs that meant change in her sister's life—in the life of the old white colonial house. The intricacy of Carol's monogram was handwrought. Her life had been colorful these past few years.

Carol was quicksilver, Julie thought. And she, Julie knew, was as different as a tranquil shadowed pool is from a rushing mountain stream. Carol ran halfway to meet life, while Julie was content to let it come to her. These thoughts ran through her mind while she stood looking about the warm friendly living room as it must appear to Carol's eyes.

Already she could see Carol doing the room over again. Julie had grown to love the soft print of the faded rugs, the glazed chintz at the wide windows, and her father's chair drawn up by the fireplace.

An early autumn was prophesied by the chameleon change in the hard maples outside the French doors. West was raking up a few scattered leaves and the faint odor of bonfires down the street crept in through the windows. Japhtha was making catsup in the big kitchen, and the spicy tang of the cooking tomatoes mingled with the other autumn smells.

Carol had been home only once in the three years of her exile. And then when their mother, Marcia Allen, had given them her last kiss, and said her good-by. Carol was heart-brokenly resentful. And Julie swallowed her own grief to comfort her.

The letter puzzled Julie. It was brief, almost to the point of terseness. "I am coming back to Clayton for a rest. I've been working too hard."

Could it be that nostalgia for another Missouri winter had taken hold of her sister? Julie had wondered many times how Carol could go away forever and leave the land they loved.

Julie climbed the stairs to her room. She paused a moment at Carol's door. It was still Carol's room. Nothing could alter that. Julie was puzzled at her



Dr. Allen didn't understand her at all

feelings. I am happy because Carol is coming she told herself. I love Carol. And Dad will be so glad to see her. It will be fun, having the house filled with Carol's laughter and Carol's exciting activities. Dullness will be gone.

Julie hated herself for the other things which crept into her mind. Already she could see little piles of silken loveliness where Carol stepped out of her clothes any place in the house, gloves on the piano, purse on the Mall table, shoes kicked off on the ottoman, perfume spilled on the lace cloth of her dressing table, lipstick on the napkins, and over all of the house a complete disrupting of orderliness. "You dreadful old maid,"

she told herself. With all of this, come lightness of spirit and love, and excitement.

Then the other thing pricked at her again. Admit it, you silly. It's real because of Jeff. You're afraid. You're afraid of your beautiful sister's laughter and gaiety and loveliness. Carol was a golden embodiment of desirableness.

Julie walked slowly into her own room and stood before her dressing table. Blue eyes looked at the blue-blackness of her hair and the dull white of her flawless skin. Jeffry's words ticked out, with the little pendulum of the wall clock: "You're beautiful as an old master's portrait, Julie, my darling. want you. Let's get married soon."

"I want you too, Jeffry, darling," she told herself fiercely. But I wanted you to be sure that it was not just the moon light and the spell of the midsummer night that lay beautiful about us.

So she had kept him waiting—week now. But Jeff had remained the same. She could have wept over the dullness of the English papers she graded cor

continuously each week. And the months
ticked out before her. She could
think her contract but that was not fair
to the school board or to her super-
intendent.

Jeffry's love was so new that Julie
felt it warmed closely in her heart lest
it prove to be premature. Hers she knew
was aged in weeks of wakefulness,
sorrow, joy, and hopes. She had known
the first when Jeff had come to town
and joined her father as an assistant.

Julie laid the letter down and the date
of Carol's homecoming jumped out at
her. Three days.

She called her father's office.
"Dad, darling. Get ready for some
news. All set? Would you like to
be a guest for a long visit?"

"Carol's coming?" His voice, warm
as the wires showed how he felt.
"Tuesday. We'll drive into the city
to meet her plane."

"Great stuff, Julie. We'll have a big
powwow for her!" He laughed. "I guess
we won't need to put ourselves out,
though, she'll make all of the powwows
needs in her own right!"

Julie's voice tinkled appreciatively
over the wire to him.

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

The pieces fluttered downward to the waste
basket. Carol dropped to her knees and watched
them, the tears streaming down her face

"Yes sir, Clayton will boom once more,
if Carol's coming home."

Carol's coming home. Carol's coming
home.

"Carol Allen is coming home, Tues-
day," neighbors told one another.

"Miss Carol Allen, commercial artist
of New York City, who will arrive in the
city Tuesday to spend several weeks with
her father, Dr. Charles Allen and her
sister, Miss Julie, at their home on Pick-
wick Avenue," the paper announced
proudly to its Sunday readers. And
above was a large print of an adorable
Carol with hair and eyes literally shining
from the printed page.

Tuesday seemed endlessly long to Julie
who listened to her seniors' written
themes all day. Dr. Charles Allen waited
impatiently. He thumped nervously on
his desk and generally imparted a de-
scription of his youngest daughter to his
assistant.

Jeffry said, "But you have given her
all the attributes of the fairest of woman-
kind. I'll expect too much. No woman
can live up to all of that."

"She does, though, doesn't she, Julie?"
her father asked of his eldest who had
arrived upon the younger doctor's last
words.

"Of course, and more, too! But just
you wait, Jeff!"

Jeff's deep voice held mirth, but he
said gravely, "I know I won't be dis-

appointed, if she's anything at all like
her sister."

Dr. Allen looked up argumentatively.
"But she's not! They aren't anything at
all alike. Carol was always full of the
Old Nick. Not mean, you understand,
but always into the thick of everything.
Julie here, is the steady one. You know
what I mean—Carol had a flare for
getting into trouble—Julie for getting
people out of it."

Suddenly Julie hated the words that
were coming out of her father's lips.
She didn't want any longer to be steady,
dependable and thoughtful. She wanted
Jeffry to think she was gay and happy.

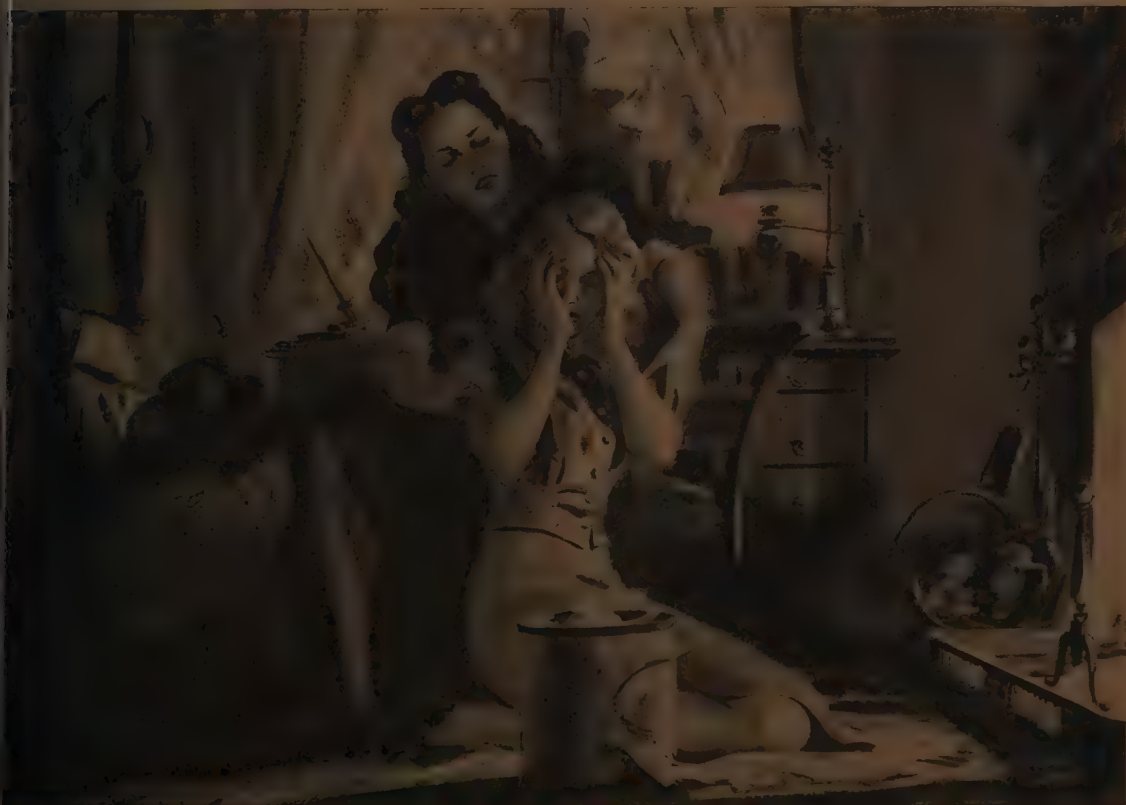
She looked at her wrist watch. "We'll
have to go, Dad. The plane's due at
seven, you know."

"Why don't you come along, Jeff?"

Jeffry laughed. "You are excited over
your daughter's return; have you for-
gotten that Mrs. Humphrey's baby is
due tonight? I wouldn't dare leave."

Then Julie and her father were in the
car and headed toward the open high-
way. The long drive was broken up with
remembrance of Carol's babyhood and
little girlhood. She was the darling of all
the town. The doctor's patients brought
flowers and handmade dresses and funny
little dolls; and pretty, large sleepy-eyed
dolls to the little curly-haired girl. Julie
had cried for them in her closet sometimes

(Continued on page 46)





Hiding behind jelly jars on a top cupboard shelf, the remnants of grandmother's pressed wedding goblets will often be found. Here are several popular patterns, including the "saw-tooth" wine glass



MEMBERS of a Midwestern Ladies' Aid were pondering ways to finance needed additions to the church dish supply when they found themselves disposing of an old water set—six tumblers, tray and water pitcher, which had been sulking in the church cupboard for years—for enough to supply the several-dozen-each lots of new dishes needed.

This isn't, of course, a common circumstance. The water set happened to be a rare pattern, was in perfect condition and was desired by a collector who was able to pay liberally for it.

Other women's groups, however, are turning old family glass pieces into modest sums, and without disposing of their treasures, through the medium of Old Glass Teas and Exhibits.

Any glass piece which antedates cut glass (or prior to 1890) may properly be called "antique." (And even cut-glass nowadays is attracting the eyes of avid collectors). While the top cupboard shelves of almost any Aid membership will furnish enough old cake stands, cup plates, salt dishes, berry bowls, castors, pickle dishes and the like to make an exciting and profitable exhibit.

As collector and lover of old glass I have assisted at numerous such occasions—sometimes on the exhibit committee, sometimes as interpreter or program director. And I'm thoroughly convinced that with a little careful planning almost any group can put on an old glass tea with fun for everyone and a modest profit for the organization.

The charm of old glass lies chiefly, I believe, in (1) its lovely sparkle, (2) its quaint old pattern, (3) the variety and warmth of its coloring, and (4) the family sentiment and the history which is wrapped up in each piece.

An Old Glass Tea

AN EASY WAY TO RAISE A LITTLE MONEY FOR YOUR CHURCH, AND AFFORD AN ENJOYABLE TIME

By

GRACE McILRATH ELLIS



To make the most of these, the pieces displayed should be spotlessly clean and rubbed to a high polish; should be exhibited in plenty of space and with plenty of light; should have on the program someone sufficiently versed in old glass history to be able to give approximate age, pattern name and commercial history of the pieces loaned; and should provide opportunity for exhibitors to give the family history of donated exhibits.

Soap, brush and a rinse with ammonia water (1 tablespoon of ammonia to two quarts warm water) will bring the sulkiest old goblet to a cheerful sparkle. (Have your calling committee suggest this treatment to prospective exhibitors). Old glass patterns are elaborate—fretted with creases and crevices—and a stiff brush will remove sparkle-dispelling film which is not visible to the naked eye but would nevertheless keep a contribution from looking its brilliant best when lined up with others on a lighted table.

For easily-provided exhibit space, try



A lovely mottled bread plate, of a pattern popular in the '70's

long tables covered with damask cloths. Pastel cloths are lovely under colored hobnail, thumbprint or quilted ware and an old-fashioned red cloth warmly attractive beneath anything in milk-white, especially those old lattice-edged plates, compotes, and mustard-dish ducks and hens.

If the exhibit is held in the daytime and the room has plenty of light, so that the tables get direct rays of it, this is not possible, supplement sunlight with floor lamps. For a night exhibit, use artificial light in quantity. Overhead light may be omitted but each table should get the crossed rays of at least two lamps—ceiling, floor or wall.

If there is no one in the community sufficiently acquainted with glass history to act as interpreter on the program appoint someone from your group who enjoys study and let her stoke up a glass history at the local library.

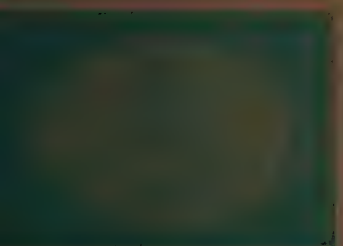
Ruth Webb Lee's "Early American Glass," available at medium and large



Popular patterns of the pressed glass era. The large bread plate is "Maple Leaf"; the covered compote, "The Acorn"; the frosted goblet, "Westward Ho"; the Hat and Boat, "Daisy and Button"; there are also shown "Paneled Grape," "Heart," "Moon and Oak," and "Willow Oak"



Milk glass was a favorite in the '70's. Here are milk glass Hen-on-a-Dish, Bread Plate, Goblet, and Fruit Dish in this beautiful ware



This old frosted pattern, accompanying a water glass, is an example of the rare "Polar Bear" pattern

aries, not only gives authoritative glass history but identifies practically all patterns liable to turn up in an exhibit. Mary H. Northend's "American Glass" published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York City, is an inexpensive book (about \$1.50) which almost any library can afford and contains enough information to keep a glass student enthralled for weeks.

Beware of trying to include too much in the exhibit program. Old-fashioned music (that of post Civil-war vintage is most appropriate since the boom in American table glass came at that period) and an informal talk on the history of American glass may be all the "set program" that will be found necessary.

Follow with questions (to be answered, possibly, by the expert) and by testimonials from individual exhibitors. This latter is, after all, bound to be the most entertaining part of the program. An old pickle dish may seem faintly charming until we learn that it belongs to Grandmother Brown and was a wedding gift from a long-ago rival. Then it's impertinent old motto "Pickles For Love" provides a filip for both spirit and funny-bone. And an old hobnail pitcher may be just an old hobnail pitcher until we have had pointed out to us the hob which once gave way to squirt fresh lemonade over Mrs. Gleason's Philadelphia-Centennial party tablecloth.

Mark each exhibit, if possible, with a card giving name of article—goblet, honey-dish, salt, berry bowl, etc., name of owner, circumstance under which piece was acquired, name of original owner, if known, and name of glass pattern. The individual prepared to talk on old glass history, if present when exhibits are brought, can easily help identify patterns. Most of the old patterns have charming names and are not hard for a student or collector to identify.

For a number of reasons I think it best not to ask exhibitors to mark approximate age on the pieces displayed. In the first place it is exceedingly difficult to

judge age in glass. There are no markings, as on china. And many patterns were made over long 50-60 year periods. I have seen glass displays, for example, in which 150- and 200-year labels reposed innocently before salts and compotes, the machinery for whose making was not even in existence until a full century or so after the date marked.

Errors like these are not intentional, but the sort of thing bound to happen when one is forced to dive into a welter of family speculation and come out with an approximate date.

Moreover the age of an "antique" is never so fascinating as its domestic history. Ask your exhibitors to cudgel their minds for family incidents connected with their contributed cup plate or butter dish and let the local glass authority guess at approximate age.

The matter of refreshments for an Old Glass Tea can safely be left to the food committee. But if there's a chance to serve from a table appropriate to the program, no committee should miss that opportunity. Compotes and cakestands make handsome centerpiece, as well as servers for cookies and cakes. An old cake stand turned upside down, with tiny flowers massed at the base and large blossoms thrust into the hollow stem, makes an effective table center.

One of the most charming Old Glass Tea tables I have ever seen, flaunted square daisy-and-button plates in a soft shade of blue, tiny daisy-and-button hats and celery boats and an old blue willowware teapot, all on a red cotton cloth which had long since faded to a soft pink. The table was centered at the back with a lighted kerosene lamp of that round-shaded type which has apple blossom sprays (or tiny scenes) painted on shade and bowl. Refreshments consisted of nothing more than marguerites (on the blue plates) mints and nuts (in the little hats and boats) and tea from the old blue pot.

Another table, not soon forgotten, was set with milk-white glass on a deep red cloth. Little bit-sized doughnuts were

(Continued on page 53)

"You can't teach these savages anything if they think you are a coward," declared Miles bluntly.

Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

I suppose, wouldn't you?" "Why shouldn't he pay life for a life?" demanded the Cayuse.

A sudden emotion rose in Narcissa that seemed to shake her very heartstrings. She walked up to the chief with that something dramatic in her stride that was inherent in her every gesture. The words rushed from her with impressive fury.

"Let me warn you of this, Umtippe! We shall not be killed, the Doctor and I, until every foot of Waii-lat-p is under the plow and until we have shown the great white peoples to the east that they can come with their families and sow and reap all the valleys between Fort Hall and Fort Vancouver! We shall not die, Umtippe, before you have cast yourself on your knees asking God to forgive you for a murdering old villain and until we have brought to God's house every mother and baby of your tribe."

"Huh!" grunted Umtippe. "You are a fool! Watch the little White Cayuse while I am on the buffalo hunt and the salmon fishing." He gave her a look of indescribable insolence and left the cabin.

Marcus, returning at noon from work, found her still with burning cheeks. Two weeks after Governor Simpson's visit, Pierre Pambrun appeared, a spring evening accompanied by a young girl in a tattered bearskin dress.

"This," he said to Narcissa, with a flourish, "is a *bonne* for your baby, sent at the request of Governor Simpson."

The child—for she did not look to be over twelve, in spite of the sixteen years the Governor had claimed for her, looked up at Narcissa belligerently. She had a tiny oval face, entirely dominated by a pair of magnificent gray eyes. Her complexion, what one could discern through dirt, was a clear olive. Her hair, a light, waving brown, was braided with strips of red cloth. She showed the effects of undernourishment and her expression was the hostile expression of a child that has been abused and neglected.

"What is your name, my dear?" The girl did not reply and Pambrun said, "The Governor wants you to give her an English name."



Where Rolls the Oregon

[PART VI]

By HONORÉ MORROW

Synopsis: The chief characters in this story, laid in 1836, are Marcus Whitman, a physician, and his beautiful wife, Narcissa; Rev. Henry Spalding and his wife Eliza; William Gray, and young Miles Goodyear; Governor George Simpson of Rupert's Land, Dr. McLoughlin and Pierre Pambrun, Hudson's Bay Company factors; and old Chief Umtippe, of the Cayuse tribe. The first five constitute a party of missionaries sent to the Oregon country by the American Board, although young Goodyear later gets a job with the Hudson's Bay Company. Whitman, besides his work with the Indians, is resolved to bring in settlers and hold the territory for the United States. Simpson, though much attracted by Narcissa, and most courteous to her husband, is equally determined to prevent settlers from coming in. Umtippe is outwardly friendly, and gives Whitman land on which to start his mission. He has an encounter with Narcissa, which earns her his enmity. His brother, the war chief, is also opposed to the whites, but Whitman buys his agreement not to molest them. A baby girl is born to the Whitmans, which they name Alice Clarissa. Umtippe grows very antagonistic to Narcissa. When the medicine man allows his brother to die, Umtippe brutally slays him. Marcus succeeds in curing Umtippe's wife, but the chief's hostility does not abate. Now continue:

SO TREMENDOUS a thing as murder, Narcissa took for granted, would upset Umtippe's daily routine. She thought, with a sigh of relief, as she prepared breakfast next morning, that the funerals of the war chief and the *te-wat* would occupy the chief for a day or two, giving her a breathing spell in which to arrange her campaign for capturing his soul for the Almighty. But she was to discover that she knew very little about Umtippe. Alice Clarissa was still in her bath that morning when a shadow fell on the threshold. Umtippe gave his perfunctory rap and came in.

For a moment such a wave of repugnance swept over Narcissa because of the wanton killing that she could neither speak to the old man nor go on washing the baby's face. Then slowly she seated herself, turning her back deliberately on the chief, and gave Alice Clarissa her second breakfast.

"We go on the buffalo hunt tomorrow," said Umtippe, "those of my people who are well. See to it that your buck attends to the sick we leave behind. There is no *te-wat*."

"And if any one died in his care, you would kill him when you came home,

Narcissa nodded. "We'll call her Sarah Hall, then, after our friend."

Marcus now spoke for the first time. "If you plan to keep her in the house right along, Narcissa, I'd better give her a thorough examination first. I wouldn't have her come within a mile of Alice Clarissa as she is."

They took the child into the corner of the cabin which was curtained off for a dressing room. In about an hour more, Sarah Hall, with a close-clipped head and wearing little Julia Pambrun's clothing, sat rocking Alice Clarissa's cradle. Her solemn little face gave every evidence of a great content.

"That's a good deed from every point of view," declared Pambrun. Then, "The same boat that brought Sarah, brought word that Ermatinger and Gray passed safely through the Sioux and Blackfoot country. He's a wonderful plainsman, Ermatinger." After a pause Pambrun went on. "Oh, by the way, Sarah Hall is a Catholic." This, with a curious glance at Marcus.

"Are you sure? What made her Catholic?" demanded Marcus.

"I gave the order," replied the factor. "A priest happened to be at the fort too and he baptized her. He will be at the fort permanently."

"The baptism shall not stand," said



"I want you to go, Marcus," she said. "I wish you could take my place," declared Marcus, above the howl of the wind. "Having a talk with him means more to you than it does to me"

Marcus sharply. "We were asked to take full charge of this girl. She shall be brought up as a Protestant."

"Where did that priest come from, Mr. Pambrun?" demanded Narcissa. "Does his coming mean that the Hudson's Bay Company is openly espousing Catholicism on the Columbia?"

"The Company, as such, is not Catholic," replied the factor. "But observe! In spite of all our efforts it is impossible to keep missionaries out. Suppose that only Protestant missionaries came! Their first idea is to civilize the savages, to teach them to till the soil. Is not that directly opposed to the policy of the Company? Suppose that Catholic missionaries come. They wish to baptize the Indians, but they encourage them in their natural arts; hunting and fishing. How can you expect the Hudson's Bay Company not to import Catholic priests, all things considered?"

The supper was on the table now. Narcissa tucked a blanket over the child, and then took her place beside the teapot.

"Have you received letters from your home yet, Madam Whitman?" asked the factor.

Narcissa shook her head. "I've not heard from Angelica since I left there, a year and two months ago. I may not hear for another year, until the ship comes to Fort Vancouver from the Sandwich Islands. I would give a year of my life to hear from my mother."

"It's hard," murmured the factor.

"Letters from home are everything here." They all fell silent.

Pambrun returned to Fort Walla Walla immediately after breakfast the next morning. He was not yet out of sight when Umtippe, followed by several braves, came up and planted himself before the Doctor.

"What can I do for you, Umtippe? Narcissa come here and help me understand him."

"Two days ago, at Fort Walla Walla," said the chief, "a King George man in a long black robe made strong medicine over my nephew and gave his spirit to his God. The King George man said your spirit medicine was all bad and if the Cayuse used it they would burn forever. You must not have a spirit meeting tomorrow, or ever again on this land."

"The King George man is wrong," said Marcus. "My God is the only living God. He will make your bad hearts good."

"Our hearts are not bad!" snarled Umtippe. "You hear me? You must not have your spirit meeting tomorrow. I am going to have my braves sprinkled by the King George man. You'd better leave your papoose here and go away."

He turned on his moccasined heel and led his silent braves back to the village. Marcus and Narcissa stared at each other.

"We'll hold that meeting tomorrow, come what may!" declared Marcus. Narcissa nodded and turned to the day's work. Umtippe did not make his usual



visit to Alice Clarissa that morning, observing which, several squaws, carrying paposes, edged into the cabin and watched the baby's bath. Having finished with Alice Clarissa, and put her to sleep, Narcissa invited one of the mothers to allow her to borrow her baby, wash it and dress it in some of Alice Clarissa's clothes. Three babies were at once offered for the sacrifice, and Narcissa spent the rest of the morning in a lesson to the squaws on the care and feeding of their children.

It was a lesson pitifully needed. A surprising number of the women, Narcissa found, could not nurse their babies. Milch cows had been unknown to the Cayuse until the coming of the whites. When Narcissa produced a nursing bottle and having filled it with diluted cow's milk, attempted to feed one of the half-starved paposes, the squaw pushed the bottle away in horror and disgust.

Very patiently Narcissa explained the bottle, and how common its use was among white people. Finally she put a little sugar on the rubber nipple and put it in Alice Clarissa's mouth. That obliging infant, still asleep, took a lusty drink, the squaws hanging over her, breathless with interest; at last, very fearfully, the squaw with the hungry baby allowed the bottle to be tried on her own child. After the first puzzled moment, the little fellow drank greedily.

A great clamor broke forth from the squaws. Regardless of the demands of hygiene, Narcissa filled and refilled the bottle, until every papoose had had a drink. Not until then would the squaws consent to leave. With old Tua's help, she finally shoved the last excited woman out. Then the old midwife paused to say.

"The wife of the war chief had a baby yesterday. She has no milk for it, but Umtippe would rather it dies than drink from a cow."

Narcissa filled a new bottle with very weak, sweetened milk, tucked her own sleeping baby under her arm, and said to Tua, "Show me the way to the lodge of the war chief's wife."

She found the woman lying on an old buffalo skin, an eighteen months' old baby strapped to its board beside her, and a newborn infant in her arms. She was weeping silently.

"What is the trouble, Ti-wi?" said Narcissa.

The woman did not reply, except to shove the older child toward her visitor.

"Dead!" exclaimed Narcissa, her eyes filling with tears. "Did it starve, Ti-wi?"

"I had no milk for him for months. I have none now, and this second son will

die!" Tears ran down her cheeks.

"Will you let me give him cow's milk, Ti-wi? Thus?" Narcissa produced the bottle and again demonstrated its usefulness on her own baby. But the squaw shook her head. "Umtippe would kill both me and my son."

"I'll be back again," said Narcissa. She scrambled out of the tent and made her way to Umtippe's lodge. He looked up at her with a frown. Narcissa gave her errand without preliminaries.

"Umtippe, your brother's new son will die for lack of milk, as the older one unless you let me give him cow's milk.

LET US BE THANKFUL



He whose heart holds nought of gratitude

Indeed is desolate;

Who walks through all the beauty of the days,

Too blind, too swift to wait

To see God's hand back of the sun and rain,

Back of his loaf of bread

Or back of his cup of water, goes with his thirst

Unquenched, and his soul unfed.

Surely for eyes to see and for ears to hear

We should be glad;

Surely for the countless common joys of life

That we have had

Thanks should arise as clear as a lark's bright song

Above a field;

Surely there is no year that does not hold

Some golden yield.

Let us be thankful then, let us give praise

To God as we count the gleanings of our days.

Grace Noll Crowell

Look!" Once more Alice Clarissa, with a crow of delight, took a drink from the proffered bottle. "When she is a little older she will drink cow's milk every day. All white children do so. Thus all the King George men were fed. Dr. McLoughlin, the Kitchie Okema, all owe their strength to the cow's milk they had during their childhood. So I can save your nephew for you."

"No!" grunted the chief. "It is against Indian custom. It is bad medicine. The squaw shall be killed for not having milk."

"That's fool's talk," her voice was scornful. "Kill the mother and the baby will surely die. My husband saved your wife, and he could have saved your brother. He says this baby whose mother has no milk should be fed. God will hold that little boy's death against you, yet I could save him."

Umtippe stared up at her. She stood, tall and strong against the sky in her indigo print dress, her lovely baby on

one arm. "I shall give your nephew the bottle!" she said suddenly, and turned back to the delivery lodge. The old man scrambled to his feet and hurried after her. She crawled into the lodge, brought out the dead baby and, without a word, laid it at his feet. The chief stared down at the terrible little face in troubled silence, while Narcissa returned to the astounded mother.

"Let me show Umtippe your new son," she said. She brought out the little thing, squirming and crying, and thrust it into the chief's arms.

"The last of your blood," she said quietly. "He is a fine, strong child. He shall be brought every day to my cabin and play with the little White Cayuse. Look!"

She suddenly thrust the bottle into the Indian baby's mouth. For just a moment he refused it, then as a drop of the sweetened liquid touched his tongue, he began to swallow hungrily. Umtippe groaned and raised his hand, but Narcissa thrust it aside.

"This is a woman's job!" she cried. "Go away!"

She took up the Indian child and said, "When he has finished this, I will show his mother how to care for him. Every day she shall come to the cabin for his day's supply of milk. Tell her so, Umtippe."

For a long moment the old Cayuse watched his tiny nephew pull at the bottle. Then he called to Ti-wi, "Do as the white squaw says."

He turned on his heel. But Narcissa put out a detaining hand. "If you try to stop our meetings, on Sunday and Tuesday, I shall refuse to give you my nephew his milk."

Umtippe glared at her as if he would strike her. She returned his glare, with interest. The chief grunted and continued on his way. Narcissa, her heart beating high, carried the Indian boy to his mother. The woman looked up at her with eyes like a grateful dog's.

"Your God is good to babies," she said. "From now on I will pray to Him."

Narcissa felt suddenly very weak. Here was the first convert for Waii-lat-pu!


From that day, Narcissa's cabin became a mothers' and babies' clinic and her every waking hour was filled with care. She had found, too, what was at that moment of supreme importance, a threat to hold over Umtippe's head. His nephew was dependent on the bottle!

The usual church service was held on Sunday and on the Tuesday following with scant attendance by any but squaws, to be sure, but it was not disturbed by any demonstration from Umtippe. And during the month follow-

(Continued on page 49)

*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.*



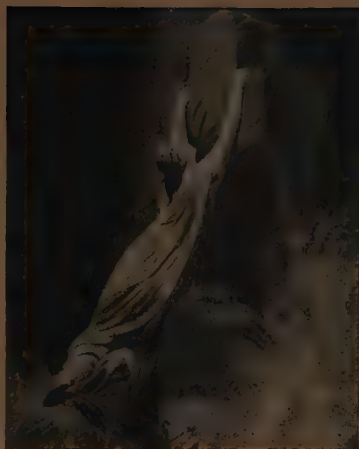
 THIS year marks the 200th anniversary of Dr. Augustus Montague Toplady, the zealous and combative English clergyman who, without knowing it, gave to the world an immortal hymn. His was an ardent, flaming soul, burning fitfully in a wasted, and overtasked body. As preacher, poet and prose writer, he labored for thirty-eight brief years, leaving behind him six solid volumes of acrid, controversial writings, aimed chiefly at John Wesley and his Arminian doctrines.

Today, nobody reads these ponderous, erudition-crammed volumes; nothing remains of them; but "Rock of Ages"—a casual and insignificant by-product—has become one of the treasured heart-songs of mankind. The doctrinal point it was written to illustrate and enforce has been lost somewhere, while its message and melody echo down the corridors of History. Toplady's polemical works, which he prized so highly, are neglected, ignored and forgotten, but the four simple, artless, yet inspired stanzas, written in 1775-76, are sung today by millions of believers, two centuries after his birth. In the hour of peril, of anguish, of suffering, on angry seas, amid Arctic snows or in tropical jungles, men and women still lift their voices heavenward in reverent prayer—

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Although Toplady held to the Calvinist doctrine of his day, "Rock of Ages" is no Calvinist hymn; it is as universal as the sunshine, the rain, and the Gospel itself; today, by right of adoption, it belongs to every branch of the Christian Church. Its influence upon the minds of men has been immeasurable, upon the humble and the high-born, but especially upon those of cultivation and learning. William E. Gladstone, four times prime minister of England, loved the hymn so much that he translated it into Latin, Greek and Italian. Today, "Rock of Ages" is sung and cherished in every clime and on every continent, for it has been rendered into every known language, also into scores of minor and obscure dialects.

Toplady never envisaged or expected anything like this. He was a man of acute perceptions, but he never realized the winsome grace and stately flow of his lyric. He never suspected its transcendent power to grip the human heart. Most likely he considered it a metrical epitome of certain Scripture verses, a



Toplady

BICENTENARY

By

Bernhard Ragner

workmanlike job, certainly, but possessing no unusual merit as poetry. As a matter of fact, Toplady lived and died without understanding the grandeur of his achievement, for he never imagined that he had written a masterpiece.

His contemporaries were equally short sighted and blind, amazing and impossible as this appears to us now. They did not, perhaps could not, sense the surpassing beauty of "Rock of Ages." For a third of a century, it was rated as an ordinary, nondescript hymn, no better and no worse than hundreds of others. From 1776 to 1810, it was included in a small number of hymnals, by the side of other sacred lyrics (some signed by Toplady himself) which posterity promptly condemned to oblivion. Further, as long as Toplady lived, even three decades after his death in 1778, no inspired seer, gifted with insight and acumen, dared arise to predict the glorious destiny of "Rock of Ages."

And then, about 1811, something happened. What it was, we cannot say. Men's minds and hearts were opened to its puissant charm. How? Where? Why? The answer is lacking; but, during that year, something or somebody started "Rock of Ages" on its globe-girdling, soul-stirring odyssey. Setting out to conquer the hymnbooks of Christendom, it traveled to every country of Europe, to America, to Asia, and Australia—from nation to nation, to every land beneath the sun. Today, as Toplady's bicentenary

punctuates the historical horizon, it deserves the adjective *universal*. It is at home in every church, and no hymnbook is complete without it. Prayerfully, its melodious accents have echoed in London and Los Angeles, in Manila and Montevideo, in Capetown and Canberra.

Many picturesque legends and poignant stories have grown up about "Rock of Ages." When Albert the Beloved, prince consort of Queen Victoria, was dying, he confessed, "I have had wealth, power and fame; but if that were all that I had, what would I have now?" And then, softly in an undertone, he began to sing "Rock of Ages." General J. E. B. Stuart, Confederate cavalry leader, when mortally wounded in 1864 at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, also died with this heartfelt prayer upon his lips.

One day, the cabinet of Prime Minister Gladstone was being violently attacked in the House of Commons. As the Opposition orators spoke, a ministerial colleague noticed that Mr. Gladstone, calmly and earnestly, was writing something on a sheet of paper. "Ah," he remarked to himself, "the Chief is preparing his reply." Then, to ascertain if his guess was correct, he looked over the Prime Minister's shoulder. Imagine his astonishment when he discovered that Mr. Gladstone, undisturbed by the furious debate that raged about him, was quietly making a Latin translation of Toplady's hymn. Here is the first stanza:

Iesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus.
Tu per lympham profluentum,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

The famous couplet ending "Simply to Thy cross I cling" was rendered by Mr. Gladstone as follows:

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero.

No fewer than eight Latin translations of "Rock of Ages" have been published, but critics agree that Mr. Gladstone's best incarnates the pith and charm of the Toplady text.

In its upward flight from obscurity to worldwide acclaim, "Rock of Ages" has been revised and amended. In consequence, it is seldom sung today as Toplady first wrote it. Indeed, he himself made slight changes and improvements; that fact has emboldened succeeding hymnbook editors, to follow his example. In 1815, Thomas Cotterill modified Toplady's lyric, and his version is probably more used than the original. Toplady wrote "When my eye strings break in death," but most hymnals render it, "When my eye lids close in death." Whether this was an improvement, each singer must decide for himself. Every stanza has suffered minor changes of this nature; but, even in its revised form, "Rock of Ages" is essentially the work of Toplady.

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



"Feed the Starving—Safeguard Freedom"

CHRISTIAN HERALD has clearly defined its attitude toward the present world situation, and with particular emphasis upon a constructive, sacrificial program looking toward a just and lasting world peace. We heartily agree with official actions taken recently by a world society of Christian youth, the Christian Endeavor movement. These young people belong to all Protestant, evangelical denominations. Before the War opened, they numbered more than four million and were enrolled in more than eighty thousand societies.

Specifically, the resolutions which we now quote answer questions that *Christian Herald* readers have raised in three major fields of American interest: namely, support of democratic peoples in their struggle against the dictatorships, the selective service measure, and the feeding of the starving in Europe.

Support of Democratic Peoples: The International Society of Christian Endeavor has always espoused the cause of international goodwill and friendship. It has become increasingly clear, however, to the Executive Committee that in full loyalty to its principles and traditions, and in behalf of the welfare of the whole world, it should declare its commitment to the cause of democratically governed peoples—to China, struggling for life and freedom, and to the British Commonwealth of Nations, as it bravely bears the brunt of the attack by totalitarian aggression. We believe that the democratic and Christian way of life is in peril, and that the defeat of Great Britain in the present struggle would be disastrous to the United States and to human freedom in all the earth. With the cause of these struggling, free peoples we would thus identify ourselves.

THE Selective Service Measure: The selective service measure, as passed by the two houses of Congress, has now been signed by the President and is the law of the United States. Under this act, it becomes the duty of all males between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five to register in the manner prescribed. Provisions have been embodied in the act which formally recognize the right and duty of conscientious objectors upon religious grounds, to set forth their objections to bearing arms. This understanding by the government of the position of the conscientious objector is unprecedented in our country and is profoundly appreciated by the Christian Endeavor Society. Practically all of the large religious denominations have established the machinery for the conscientious objector to register his convictions. This recognition of the right of conscientious objectors must not lead any of us to disparage those others who loyally respond to the Nation's call to physical defense. It is not necessary to point out that our

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER COMES TO CHRISTIAN HERALD

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER is among the first-flight writers of our time. She is in the American tradition, but unfettered, realistic, human and, as the fathers would have written it, "spiritually minded."

Born in the Middle West, she lives now among the hills of old Vermont, where she has been a member of the State Board of Education. Graduated first from the University of Ohio, she is also an alumnus of Columbia, with additional honorary degrees from Dartmouth, Northwestern, the University of Vermont, the University of Ohio, and Columbia.

Among her novels that have enriched American culture and delighted a multitude, are: "The Bent Twig," "Fellow-Captains," "Understood Betsy," "Home Fires in France," "The Brimming Cup," "The Day of Glory," "Her Son's Wife," "The Deepening Stream," and "Seasoned Timber."

Hers is the exquisite translation from the Italian of Papini's "Christ." She saw service in France during the first World War. She is the dynamic spirit of the present "children's crusade," and has been from the beginning an editor of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Through all the broad fields of the humanities, she moves with understanding, articulating the spirit of service.

Christian Herald is fortunate, indeed, in securing Mrs. Fisher as a regular contributor. Her monthly article will enrich the lives of more than a million readers. Her gracious personality will be an inspiration to her editorial associates.

Her first article will appear in our December issue.

Daniel A. Poling

(Continued from 1st Column)

country is facing a tremendous national emergency. All citizens should feel it now their duty to respond to the call of their country and in the line of Christian conscience to render their maximum loyalty and service. The exemption provisions are set forth in Section 5-G of the bill itself.

Feed the Starving: We unanimously favor the Hoover Plan for the feeding of men, women and children in starving countries of Europe—Norway, Holland, Belgium, Central Poland, and Denmark. We believe this plan to be statesmanlike, humanitarian, and Christian. We further believe that it meets the reasonable objections of the belligerents. However, their ultimate acceptance or rejection of the plan is not our responsibility. Clearly it is our responsibility to make an utmost effort to relieve human suffering. Clearly this is the will of Christ. The plan itself is fully safeguarded and provides as follows:

- (1) That an international commission be set up to manage shipping, to import, safeguard, and distribute food.
- (2) That Germany agree that none of the imported or domestic supplies of the occupied nations be taken by the Germans.
- (3) That the equivalent of any supplies already taken by the Germans be

(Continued on page 67)



Exquisite woodwork by the American Seating Company distinguishes this chapel—St. John's Episcopal Church, Detroit, Michigan. Architect, Wirt C. Howland



Chancel Rose Window, St. John's Lutheran Church, Glendale, New York. Architect, Harold C. Bernhard, C.A.G.

years, there have appeared in *Christian Herald* hundreds of pictures of beautiful churches and articles dealing with church construction and reconstruction.

These pictures and articles have all been part of a campaign to improve the character of church architecture. The results have been most gratifying, as the pictures of recently built churches in *Christian Herald* can testify. It is safe to say that fifteen years ago the chances of a Protestant congregation getting a finely designed and planned church were small—today they are excellent.

It is still a fact, however, that there are not more than fifty architectural firms in the country capable of designing an adequate, practical as well as beautiful church plant. For this reason great care should be taken in the selection of your architect. *It is the most important step in your whole building project.*

In order to help congregations more directly in this problem, the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture and *Christian Herald* have been instrumental in the formation of the Church Architectural Guild—a society of architects in all parts of the country whose experience and ability in church work is proved. Any member of the Guild may be engaged at regular fees either for consultation or complete service. Before acting, write for a list of Guild members in your locality. Also if you wish help about any other phase of your church building problems, we will be glad to help you; just address Church Planning Bureau, *Christian Herald*, 419-4th Avenue, New York City.

Note: The churches on the two following pages were all designed by members of the Church Architectural Guild.

More Stately Mansions

By E. M. Conover

DIRECTOR, INTERDENOMINATIONAL BUREAU OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

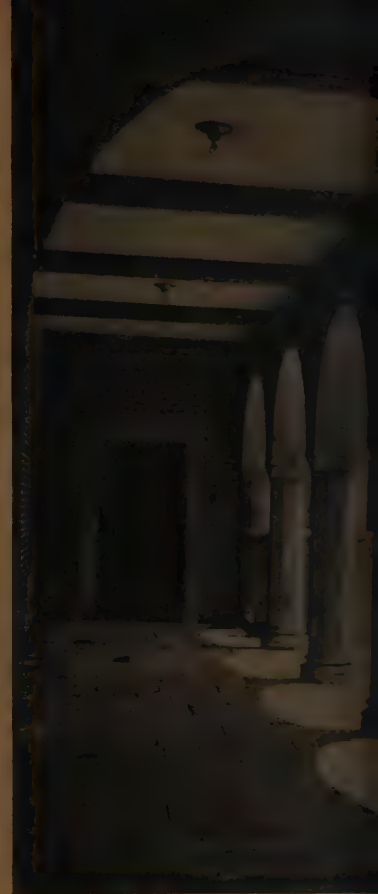
NOW that we are entering what will unquestionably be a period of prosperity hundreds of church construction projects will be resurrected. The flow of mail through my office indicates that thousands of churches will be built or rebuilt during the next few years. Certainly this is as it should be. Churches have lagged behind the procession. New banks, schools, libraries, theaters, town halls, even elaborate filling stations have been erected in great profusion, while the devout still worship at the old stand. The prosperity brought on by the defense program is financed by taxpayers' money. If congre-

gations do not seize the opportunity thus presented to build an adequate and up-to-date church building or rebuild the present one, perhaps such an opportunity may be postponed for decades. This does not mean they should go into debt—that isn't necessary. But they should start to plan and plan intelligently for what they want. Right now prices are down—by this time next year they will unquestionably be higher. Engage an architect, get estimates from your contractor during the winter and be ready to go ahead this spring. You will save money.

At intervals during the past fifteen



The Scandinavian influence on church architecture has been very marked. The Swedish Lutheran Church, Forest Hills, Mass., shown above, is a fine example. Architects, Collens, Willis and Hubbard



Above, interesting detail of First Christian Church, Knoxville, Tennessee. Architects, Barber and McMurry



An imposing temple to Almighty God—First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio. Architects, Eggers and Higgins

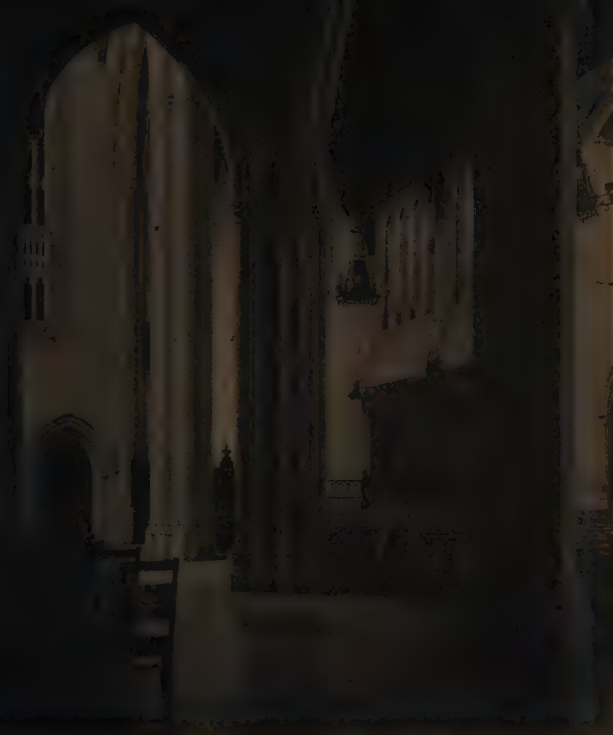


Below, unusual photograph of the Knoxville M. E. Church. Architects, Eggers and Higgins. Barber & McMurry, Associates



At the left is the magnificent entrance of the Columbus church shown above

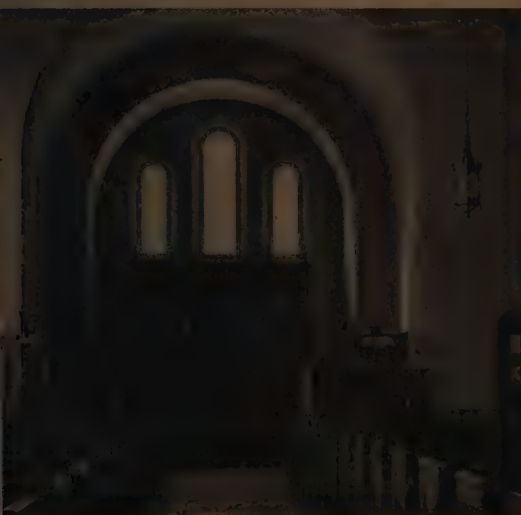




A corner of the stately All Saints Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass. Architects, Frohman, Robb and Little



The church above is a splendid example of Georgian (Colonial) treatment—Lewis Memorial M. E. Church, Washington, D. C. Architects, Wenner and Fink



Above, chancel arrangement of the Swedish Lutheran Church, Forest Hills, Mass., shown on the opposite page

Below, a corner of the prize-winning First Presbyterian Church, New Rochelle, New York. Architects, Egbert and Higgins



Below, an ecclesiastical gem—Parkside M. E. Church, Baltimore, Maryland. Architects, Wenner and Fink





A True COMMUNITY CHURCH

By Guy McConnell

PRAYER meetings at Grace Chapel, in Oakmont, Pa., are so popular that parking space in the neighborhood is hard to find. In my home town, the tradition of Wednesday night prayer meeting is barely kept alive by a handful of the elderly faithful. Grace Chapel has prayer meeting every night, including Saturday. How many churches draw 200 to 300 members on Saturday night? How many small town churches draw 1000 on Sunday morning, for that matter?

Grace Chapel, in a day when the churches are criticized for being too dead, or for going to the other extreme and resorting to sensation to attract a crowd, is alive and forceful and a power in the lives of its community without using a single art of showmanship. Its twenty-seven years of spiritual and practical success demonstrate what can be done when there is leadership and earnest effort. And common sense.

Grace Chapel is not Methodist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Episcopalian, or Lutheran. It is just Grace Chapel, a true community church, run by its own congregation, without any superior body at all. Its members have come from thirty-six different denominations. Whatever their previous affiliation, they find others in the membership with the same background.

James H. Feely started Grace Chapel in 1918. He was not a Reverend then; he was a star motor truck salesman, and he kept his job while he organized seventy-seven people to meet and worship in a tiny, whitewashed chapel they built themselves. Now Grace Chapel has an immense plant—church, auditorium, meeting rooms, class rooms, and a congregation totaling 1900 members.

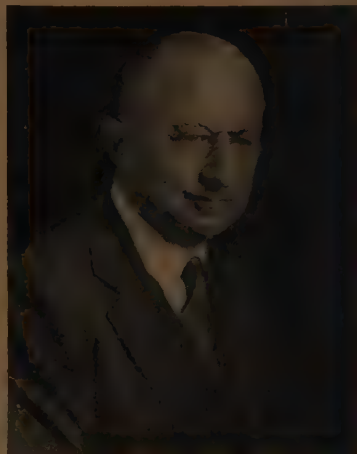
The Reverend Mr. Feely says the church has merely grown with the community. But it is very clearly something more than that. Grace Chapel has power. It is the power of sincere and vigorous religion, made effective by a business

man's excellent sense of organization.

The idea is that it is unnecessary, wasteful and divisive to have a number of churches of the same underlying faith in the same small community. Usually all of the churches are engaged in a desperate struggle to make ends meet—competing vigorously with one another for the available funds. Cliques form; members of a denomination which is locally "strong" enjoy undue social and business advantages. Mr. Feely believes that these facts create local disharmonies and weaken the spiritual force of religion. Oakmont evidently agrees with

people to get the realization of God, to be born again." Repeatedly in his talk that phrase appears like an adjective. He speaks of "born-again Christians." Theological critics with modern scientific slant may not like this, but the people of Oakmont do; and Oakmont is no wild mountain village, it is a typical suburb of Philadelphia, twenty minutes out on the Main Line.

No group knows more about the art of salesmanship than the automobile men, and Mr. Feely has transferred to his church work, doubtless unconsciously, much of that skill. He provides excellent music, with a trained choir under pro-



Rev. James H. Feely, Pastor



The Community Church—Grace Chapel, Oakmont, Pennsylvania

him. All efforts of denominationalism to gain a foothold there since Grace Chapel was started have failed flatly. Meanwhile, his enrollment steadily increases year by year.

The congregation is a typical American cross section. It includes representatives of almost every profession, trade and craft. Lawyers and doctors share pews with unskilled laborers and household servants. Mr. Feely's church-merging has resulted in a real democracy of worship.

The theology (Mr. Feely wouldn't call it that) is fundamentalist, the Bible as written. "We have no time for modernism," he says. "We want our

fessional direction; every one of the many meeting rooms in the church has a piano. He brings to Grace Chapel the best visiting preachers. But he never strays from the main theme, set forth on the bulletin on the church lawn:

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

He makes the church a living force in the community through intensive social work. His telephone rings constantly; some one needs a job, some one wants a maid for housework, some one wants tenants for rooms "to let." On short notice, he finds the job, the houseworker, the tenants; he sets the wheels in motion to provide food, fuel, clothing, medical aid, back rent. He believes that

social security is an inseparable part of spiritual security, and that the church—not outside agencies—should carry the responsibility of looking after its members. Throughout the depression, Oakmont's congregation has not had a family on relief longer than it took the social vigilance committee to learn about it. One community church, Mr. Feely explains, can concentrate on human welfare; the denominational church must often devote its energies to its own fight for life. And when you have all the members of a community church helping one another, you have almost all the members of the community itself help-

education in the Bible, having method and continuity. They began with the nursery of religion, tots from two to four years. For that matter, the youngest babies get used to church surroundings by being "checked" in the baby department during services. The Bible study proceeds by regular grades, ten of them, with formal annual promotions. The most advanced is the post-graduate course, attended at present by 900 men. The Sunday School enrollment is over 1500. Eighty-seven highly trained volunteers lead the different groups.

In addition to Bible study, there is prayer. Mr. Feely conducts from seven

are struggling. Grace Chapel has never had any money trouble. Soon even the mortgage on its \$200,000 plant will be paid off. Yet it has no rich benefactors, as one might suspect. Unification of many churches into one has made possible new economies. The salary budget, covering Mr. Feely, the music supervisor, and the sexton, totals \$6750. There is no parsonage. The pastor owns his own home, pays his own taxes on it. Twice a year, Mr. Feely renders a terse business statement from the pulpit, and the collection plates bring adequate answer. The church gives \$50 monthly to each of twelve missionaries in Africa, China, Peru, Costa Rica, the Virginia and Kentucky hills, Texas, and Montana. In Montana, Mr. Feely's son conducts the only cowboy church of the air, with 200,000 listeners.

Because Grace Chapel is strong enough not to need drives, bazaars, or cake sales, it has just that much more time and energy to give to community service. The absence of what Mr. Feely calls "these needless nuisance tasks" enables members to direct their efforts toward the Chapel's main job. For example, the Ladies Aid, instead of putting on church dinners, helps maintain an indigent old folks home in the neighborhood.

Two things Grace Chapel demonstrates: it has made religion an exceedingly live force, a popular force, in the community; and it has overridden denominational lines. There is a Catholic church in Oakmont, and a Friends' Meeting House, both long antedating Grace Chapel. But there are no other churches. Members have developed a form of worship on broad lines of tolerance and cooperation. Mr. Feely—himself ordained by Chester (Pa.) Presbytery after the Chapel became a going concern—will baptize, marry, or bury, according to any church ritual requested. This respect for denominational sentiment strengthens the general feeling that no sharper denominationalism is needed in Oakmont.

Despite his disclaimer, the key to the position of Grace Chapel is doubtless Mr. Feely. No roaring revivalist, he is a good executive and a simple Christian. Dressed in a well-fitting gray suit, gray shirt, gray tie, his short, broad figure is powerful and competent. His face has a rock-like quality; his high forehead has strength as well as intellect. As you converse with him, you are aware of an alert mind and a quiet poise which would make him easily at home in any kind of group. He is a worker, with his mind on his work and his heart and soul immersed in it. He knows himself to be a servant of God.

Could other communities create a powerful living church within themselves? Mr. Feely thinks they could, but there must be give and take at first, until the denominational feeling wears off and real unity is developed. The price, he says, is small, and the reward is great. For in unity there is strength.



The youngest children are "checked" in the baby department during services



The prayer meetings are not gatherings of twenty to thirty people—they are congregations

ing one another. And so they do, here. It is a singular instance of community mobilization. Partly, this is due to Mr. Feely's church organization. All members over fifteen can and do vote on policy and in the annual elections, including that of their pastor. From among themselves they select fifteen trustees and a Council on Religion, of thirty people, men and women. These two groups set up their own system, their form of worship, and alter either as they so desire.

Part of that system is an astonishing

to nine prayer meetings weekly. And these are not gatherings of twenty to thirty people; they are congregational. In Oakmont, prayer is a community practice every night in the week.

Grace Church prayer services are simple. There are hymns, a twenty-minute talk, and prayers. "We have people who know how to pray," says Mr. Feely. And so they have. Sometimes the pastor leads; often he doesn't. Any one who is so moved can pray, and a number do.

All five churches in my home town



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

NOVEMBER, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

FOR ALL THE SAINTS
"CALLED TO BE SAINTS."
READ ROMANS 1:1-12.

ALL SAINTS' DAY brings to mind that great company which no man can number, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Or, perhaps, our thoughts turn to the valiant martyrs of the faith, who, staining the sand of Nero's arena with their blood, bore witness to the sufficient grace of the Risen Lord. We are called to that heroic fellowship. God's purpose is that, refined and made malleable by fire, shaped by the blows upon the anvil, we should be conformed to Christ. Remember, "we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God." But, having entered, "the Lamb shall feed them and lead them into living fountains, and God shall wipe away all tears." So life's trials shall fashion the soul for God. Courage!

*O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!*

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

A HELPING HAND
"HE WENT TO HIM."
READ LUKE 10:30-37.

THE Samaritan did not give reproof or advice, but service. That is what mankind needs. Christianity is not a system of creeds, but a life. It is based not on a book, but on the Living Lord. He went about doing good—the Christ of the helping hand. A boy was splashing violently in a canal when a police officer shouted, "Come out. You can't swim there." The boy gasped, "I'm not swimming; I'm drowning." That is only too true of many in the sea of doubt, adversity, and misfortune. Stretch out the helping hand. Reproof may follow.

Because Thou hadst pity on us, because we have received of Thy bounty, O Christ, strengthen us to aid some other today. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3

APPEARANCES
"ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL."
READ I THESSALONIANS 5:15-24.

WHILE we should not judge by appearances yet they indicate the inner life. When some one says that it does not matter what people think when he knows his heart is right, he is both right and wrong. His beliefs may be above reproach, yet he may still mislead people by some inconsistency. A public clock was continually giving the wrong time. The mechanism was cleaned. Everything seemed in order. Still it could not be depended on. Then they discovered that the fault was in the hour hand. It's heart was right, but what people saw . . . ?

Only Thou, O Lord, canst help us to live according to our professed faith. Aid us daily to be true. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4

SELF-PRESERVATION
"TAKE HEED UNTO THYSELF."
READ I TIMOTHY 4:9-16.

WHEN John D. Rockefeller was ninety-eight, he was still able to play golf. This was due to the skill and care of his doctor. Yet, tragic enough, the medical man himself died at forty-seven. Why? Was it because he was unable to spend the time necessary to the preservation of his own health? This however, is true. We may be able to give advice to others. Our experience has been so varied, our knowledge of life's risks so large, we try to counsel others. Yet we must never forget that we daily need God's saving grace.

Help us, in helping others, O Father, to keep our own hearts right with Thee. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

TROUBLED WATERS
"WATERS CAST UP MIRE AND DIRT."
READ ISAIAH 57:15-21.

IT IS one thing to sail far out on summer seas. It is another to sit upon

the beach, and watch the waters rolling in. The former gives the impression of depth, clearness, beauty; the latter of muddy waters, thick with broken weeds and refuse. And therein is a parable of the soul. Shallow and superficial, the waters bring to the surface that which lies beneath. And the tides of life, the waters lashed by adversity and passion, reveal the depravity of man's heart. Yet in God's mercy this can be changed. Purity, beauty, and depth are ours for the asking.

Create within us clean hearts, O God, and renew a right spirit within us that, through Christ, we may be Thine. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

THE WAY OF ESCAPE
"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."
READ HEBREWS 12:1-7.

A GREAT picture is called, "The Temptation of St. Anthony." The good man is at his desk, pen in hand. But instead of holy thoughts, evil asserts itself. Some grave temptation is depicted by foul shapes at his feet, plucking at his gown, and seeking to attract his attention. Even the secluded monastery cell cannot keep evil out. Yet the saint has turned his eyes upward. He sees an angelic form. His attention is so fixed on it that he is unmindful of the base suggestions made from below. So if in every temptation we look unto Jesus, we shall find the way of escape.

Give us grace, Holy Father, so to love that which Thou dost love that we may be kept true. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

INDIAN SUMMER
"THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND WINTER."
READ PSALM 74:12-23.

THE fall days draw on apace. They are depressing for some. The leaves swirl about the highway. Heavy mists and chill winds come. Then, as though to incite the soul to cheerfulness and courage, unexpectedly the sun shines



earth. The air grows balmy. The heart revels in the change. But so it may amid all life's changes. There are God's gracious providences to gladden us. There are glints of His divine purpose. There are His unchanging mercies. So look for the goodness of God. Rejoice in life's compensations, its blessings, and its proofs that the Almighty is mindful of us.

Father of love and power, with whom no variable, let our minds be quickened on Thee, through the aid of Thy Spirit, Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

ANOTHER'S LOAD

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."
READ GALATIANS 6:1-10.

A LADY in Europe recently had an experience which shook her from her self-complacency. She came of a healthy family, and had never done any work in her life. But she encountered a soldier from the front. He spoke of the hardships, remarking that if he had had a pair of gloves or a muffler during the bitter cold. . . . There was no knitter, but she set out to earn. One muffler completed meant the man less would be cold. There were so many needy hearts, so many needs. Can we not do something to humanity and at least brighten the life?

We have received so many blessings, O Lord, that we would show our gratitude by helping others, through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

THE UNCHANGING REFUGE

"THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE."
READ DEUTERONOMY 33:24-29.

SOMEONE wrote a new version of the Van Winkle. Awakening from sleep, he found a smooth road with a white line down it. As he gazed, a monstrous attraction swept by, almost knocking him down. He leaped through the hedge, and there was a great machine, moving the land with furrows. As he hurried on a terrible something flew overhead, with a terrifying roar. The inventor had revolutionized the world. Turning toward the village, he caught sight of the church steeple. That remained unchanged. He crept within, and knelt in prayer. He had found confidence and peace. There is a lesson there. In God's love we can find peace.

O Thou who hast ever been the refuge of Thy people, gracious God, lead us to confide fully in Thee. For Thy sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10

DETERMINATION

"I DETERMINED."
READ I CORINTHIANS 2:1-8.

PAUL accomplished much because he put Christ first. Yet he did not achieve his aims by a sudden bound. It was through faith, self-discipline, and determination. Shakespeare counsels, "To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first. Anger is like a full-hot horse; who being allowed his way, self-mettle tires him." We must not get angry with circumstances which impede us, or people who thwart us. That leads to discouragement and abandoned effort. Whatever God's goal for your life, patience, perseverance, and prayer will carry you forward. Every day shall record some progress. So let determination spur your feet.

With our hearts set to obey Thy commandments, our eyes upon the goal, inspire us to worthy effort. Through our Saviour Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

THE UNFINISHED WORK

"WE ARE LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD."
READ I CORINTHIANS 3:1-11.

THE return of Armistice Day brings mingled feelings. The ruthless conquest of the week, and the tyranny which dethrones human right are repellent to us to whom liberty and honor are dear. Present day issues apart, we dare not forget those honored dead who gave the last full measure of devotion, or the obligation laid upon us. "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

By the memory, O Christ, of all who have served our country, help us to strive for the day of Thy sovereignty. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

THE DISCERNING HEART

"KEEP YOURSELF FROM IDOLS."
READ I JOHN 5:13-21.

A WEALTHY man protested that he could not see the necessity for Christ. His minister showed him a written word, "Christ." Then placing a gold coin upon it, he asked, "Now can you see it? No? Well, that gold shows why." We may not find the spiritual obscured by money. Yet other things may be just as effective in blotting out Christ's supremacy. Let us love our homes, our families, our work,

our recreation, but let our devotion to Christ come first. Anything which comes between Him and our soul's love is an idol. But to give our Redeemer His rightful place transforms life.

*"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee." Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

VENTURING FOR GOD

"THAT THOU MAYEST OBSERVE TO DO."
READ JOSHUA 1:5-9.

THE things that haven't been done before are the tasks worth while today. Are you one of the crowd that follows? Are you one that shall lead the way? We need a new spirit of daring that will attempt great things for God. The achievements of the scientist and inventor lie in that. Why should the Christian fall short? "Are you one of the timid souls that quail at the jeers of the doubting crew, or dare you, whether you win or fail, strike out for the goal that's new?"

In fellowship with Thee, O Thou valiant Christ, even the weakest of us may grow strong to serve and to endure, through Thy grace, Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

THE CHRIST-CENTERED LIFE

"CHRIST LIVETH IN ME."
READ GALATIANS 2:17-21.

PEER GYNT learned the motto of the fairy folk. "Troll, to thyself be enough." Without knowing that he was forfeiting his true manhood, he began to live for himself and without any higher goal. Sad and dissatisfied, he later met a wise man. Gynt asked him, "What is at bottom this 'being oneself'?" The other replied, "To be oneself is to slay oneself." That means the end of all fine aspiration and unselfish service. But Christ has revealed the secret of the satisfied soul. It is to be freed from self, and to find the supreme goal for life, even Christ.

O God, who didst give the life of Thy Son for our salvation, help us in return to give our lives to Thee. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

THE SECRET OF THE STEADFAST SOUL

"THOU SHALT BE STEADFAST AND SHALT NOT FEAR."
READ JOB 11.

LIKE the lighthouse, standing immovable amid the storm, or sending out its guiding light through the darkness
(Continued on page 64)



Molasses doughnuts show up sugared, also plain



Lemon cream doughnuts are passed along with the Thanksgiving punch

Dollars in Doughnuts

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD



THERE is easy dough to be made with doughnuts. Fat, crusty brown nuggets just out of the frying kettle wafting their perfume in all directions, bring buyers in a double scurry.

Saturday doughnut counters may be set up in local stores. Merchants gladly lend space for these sales which bring new customers through their doors. Some church groups we know take regular week-end doughnut orders, and have a rotating committee to handle orders, bake doughnuts and oversee delivery.

Bake doughnuts for the local football games and basket ball games. The young people are easily persuaded to take charge of the selling in field or gym. Pushcart service does the trick neatly. Deck out a large cart or old baby buggy in the school colors, pack it with doughnuts and big thermos jugs of hot coffee. Then perambulate the cart among the crowd. Charge ten cents for coffee and doughnuts. Have an abundance of fresh supplies in some kitchen handy-by.

Put in a doughnut booth at the church bazaar. Decorate it with doughnuts. Have stone crocks of doughnuts along a counter at the back heaped high with several kinds. Advertise banana doughnuts, whole wheat doughnuts, molasses doughnuts, chocolate doughnuts, pumpkin doughnuts, honey doughnuts and the good old-fashioned kind carrying a cozy overcoat of powdered sugar. Borrow the

coffee urn from the church kitchen and sell big mugs of the hot brew to wash the brown rings down the hatch. Sell doughnuts, too, box-packed for the carry-home trade.

What is a doughnut? The dictionary says that a doughnut is a small cake of dough fried in lard. So raised with yeast, or baking powder, with baking soda or with eggs—all are doughnuts to us. But if you want to classify them as the bakers do, there are three types.

1. Cake Doughnuts or Fried Cakes are leavened with baking powder or with a combination of soda and acid material.
2. Yeast-Raised Doughnuts are leavened by fermentation with yeast.
3. French Crullers obtain their lightness from high percentage of eggs in the formula.

A great variety of cake doughnuts and fried cakes is made possible by changing the richness of the dough and by using different shapes, flavors and finishes. The ring-shaped doughnut is standard, but the ball doughnut, the long lunch stick or twist and many other forms are popular. There is a demand for variety in flavors from a simple vanilla and mace to chocolate, spice and other specialties.

Doughnut dough should be only as soft as can be handled; a too-soft dough requires a heavily floured board for cutting and then the shapes do not fry into nice round hoops, but have unexpected bumps and lumps. Work with only a



Banana doughnuts rate front row, center

small portion of the dough at a time on the lightly floured board. Turn out the soft dough and dust its surface with a film of flour. Pat or roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness, not a shade more. If you choose to work with a rolling pin, give it a brush of flour, lightly place the pin in the center of the dough and roll it back to the edge of the dough, lifting the pin in a sweeping motion. Again rest the pin in the center of the dough mass. Now roll it forward. Never roll the pin back and forth, flattening and crushing the dough and forcing out the air. With a light quick hand bring the dough to proper thickness then cut the doughnuts with a well floured cutter. Cut straight down with one motion, no twisting. Doughnuts cut that way will bake perfectly round.

Leftover doughnut centers should not be squeezed together into a dough ball and re-rolled. No Ma'am! That toughens. These leftover rings can be fried separately, sugared, and sold as a tea time sweet. One of the fine food shops of New York City makes a specialty of doughnut centers, rolling them in sug-



French crullers are balls of fluffy, tasty goodness

ch is lightly spiced with cinnamon. Drop the doughnuts into hot fat. For a moment the yellow rings are like ring crocuses, pushing up bubbles of air. In three minutes or less the gold turned to brown. The general rule is to turn when the doughnut rises to the surface of the fat. But you will find that it is more even browning and rising with less cracking if the doughnut is turned frequently.

It is the eye that must decide, not the clock, when the doughnut has reached its moment of triumph and should be lifted out and laid gently on brown paper to drain. Let it come to room temperature before applying the sugar. A doughnut fresh from the frying kettle contains about twenty per cent moisture and has a high internal temperature (about 190 to 200 degrees F.). At this heat the moisture evaporates rapidly; but as the doughnut cools the rate of evaporation decreases. At room temperature the moisture escapes the cake slowly, which is the ideal condition for sugaring. If you sugar the doughnut while hot, and the moisture evaporates rapidly from the surface is read-absorbed by the sugar granules, a 'bad' cracked surface results.

Commercial companies add moisture-retaining materials such as starch and baking powder to the sugaring mix to help prevent the sugar from becoming moisture-soaked. Add but small percentages of these ingredients; five to ten per cent by the weight of the sugar. When the evening, sugar-crusted cakes are ready to box have them packed in containers that allow a circulation of air. In an airtight box or wrapper, moisture coming from the doughnut saturates the air in the package and some of this will condense and dissolve the sugar—a pretty

So That's How It Started?

It was a New England sea captain, one Hanson Crockett Gregory of Camden, Maine, who gave the American doughnut its hole. Legend dates his contribution to 1847 when the captain was a sprig of a lad. He sat watching his mother making New England fried cakes and contemplating the goodness of this breakfast delicacy. He found one criticism of these brown, crisp cakes; too often the centers were doughy. Why not cut out the center? He asked his mother, and just for the Dickens of it she did. The result was a marvel of a doughnut and she never again made her doughnuts in the old way. Her method was copied by neighbors, and today the custom is universal.

Once doughnuts are packed—away with them to the customer! Never keep a doughnut waiting, it is sure to retaliate. Eat a doughnut in its most "tender bud stage" for complete doughnut satisfaction.

Doughnuts soak fat if they are rich and sweet. This may be prevented if the egg yolk content is high. Doughnuts that are too solid and a bit doughy are too low in leavening. Doughnuts are crisp and cake-like if the sugar content is equal to the shortening and the egg content high in proportion to the liquid.

DOUGHNUTS OLD STYLE

3½ cups sifted flour	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs, well beaten
½ teaspoon nutmeg	½ cup shortening
¼ teaspoon mace	1 cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Gradually add sugar to eggs, beating until light; add shortening. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, stirring lightly until ingredients are combined. Turn out on floured board and

shape lightly; roll ¼ inch thick and cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep hot fat (360-370° F.) for 2 or 3 minutes, or until lightly browned, turning doughnuts when browned on under side. Drain on unglazed paper. Approximate yield: 2 dozen doughnuts.

MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS

1 egg	1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar	¾ teaspoon soda
1 cup pure New Orleans molasses	5 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sour milk	1 teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons melted butter	1 teaspoon cinnamon
5 cups sifted flour	1 teaspoon nutmeg

Beat egg and add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add molasses, sour milk and butter. Add sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Roll out on floured board a small amount of dough at a time to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with 3-inch doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat at 370° F. until golden brown, turning only once. Approximate yield: 3 dozen doughnuts.

PUMPKIN DOUGHNUTS

4½ cups sifted flour	2 tablespoons melted butter
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 egg slightly beaten
¾ teaspoon salt	1½ cups milk
1 cup sugar	¾ teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon nutmeg	¾ cup canned pumpkin

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Combine remaining ingredients and add to flour mixture, stirring only until blended. Turn dough onto well floured board. Roll or pat to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep hot fat (370° F.) until brown, turning frequently. Drain on unglazed paper. Approximate yield: 2 dozen doughnuts.

HONEY DOUGHNUTS

6 cups sifted flour	¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda	3 tablespoons melted fat
1 teaspoon cream of tartar	1 cup honey
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon lemon extract
3 eggs, well beaten	

Mix and sift flour, baking soda, cream of tartar and salt together twice. Combine eggs, sugar, fat, honey and flavoring. Stir in flour, beating until almost smooth. Turn a small portion of the dough at a time onto a floured board and roll to ¼ inch in thickness. Cut with floured doughnut cutter and fry in deep hot fat (365° F.) turning until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Approximate yield: 3 dozen doughnuts.

BANANA DOUGHNUTS

5 cups sifted flour	1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
4 teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup mashed bananas (about 2 bananas)
1 teaspoon soda	¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk
2 teaspoons salt	½ cup flour for rolling
1 teaspoon nutmeg	Melted fat or oil
¾ cup shortening	
1 cup sugar	
3 eggs, well beaten	

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and nutmeg. Beat shortening until creamy. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add combined vanilla, bananas and sour milk to creamed mixture and blend. Add flour mixture and mix until smooth. Turn a small amount of dough onto a floured board. Knead very lightly. Roll out with a floured rolling pin to ¾ inch thickness. Cut with floured 2½ inch doughnut cutter. Heat fat to 375° F. or until a 1-inch cube of

(Continued on page 59)

MOTION PICTURE

Commentator

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

THERE comes a time when even a movie critic feels that Hollywood too long has taken the blame for all forms of national calamities, including surrealism, bathing beauties, communism and Jesse James. Patiently, if not too courageously, the film capital has tried to give the public what Hollywood thinks Mr. and Mrs. America want (and ought) to see. That "ought" clause provides our dissenting vote this month, for we've just seen the long-neglected "Pastor Hall" and

to feel the thunder of their boots will disturb not only the quiet but the very life of his parish. Here are new values he does not understand: the philosophy of might makes right; of evil triumphant. Jews are stoned; recalcitrant Christians murdered. Pastor Hall is told that he must follow the Nazi party line in the Scripture lessons. When he is told to preach the message of Jesus Christ as interpreted by Adolf Hitler, he rebels. Almost alone, save for his daughter Christine and his

Pastor Hall marches down the aisle into the waiting rifles of the Storm Troopers.

That, briefly, is the story of the film. Within this framework are episodes of tremendous dramatic impact; and to this Wilfrid Lawson, as Pastor Hall, lends his inspired talents. Perhaps it is more than acting; we rather think Mr. Lawson has the role in his heart, for we have seldom seen a more moving performance. Compassion and righteous anger are reflected in his face when he hears of the fourteen-year-old Lina the story of morality in Nazi "labor camps" where she has been assaulted by Hitler's youth leaders. The grandeur of courage has never been portrayed more passionately than by Mr. Lawson when he faces the terror of the whip-lash and yet remains unbowed. Then, too, is that great sequence in the church when Pastor Hall mounts to the pulpit, opens the Book at St. Paul and leans forward to deliver his last sermon. Into this scene Mr. Lawson has put his best. His voice as he says "Gird yourselves about with truth" rolls majestically; his eyes are steady and his face kind, even though death is a matter of minutes away. And as the sermon develops, the faces of the congregation mirror both love and shame. The latter is vividly depicted by the slow movement of a hand to cover a swastika armband; the love is reflected in the silent prayer that goes up as the minister strides slowly down the aisle to the certain death outside.

Aside from Mr. Lawson, Nova Pilbeam is excellent as Christine Hall; Seymour Hicks is a sufficiently gruff General and Fritz Gerte's Storm Trooper is a realistically brutal one. Director Roy Boulton keeps the pace of the film properly taut, although he might have enlarged the sequences to develop adequately climactic action. The technical criticisms we might offer are minor ones in the face of the



Pastor Hall's daughter (Nova Pilbeam) and the Pastor himself, preaching his last sermon

consequently are a little angry at the picture potentates who surreptitiously ruled many months ago that this film was not, according to their opinion, a suitable item for public consumption. They did release, belatedly, a number of tawdry anti-Nazi films, but we want to know why a tremendously inspirational picture like "Pastor Hall" was allowed to gather dust while Hitler moved history.

Our thanks to James Roosevelt for finally presenting this truly magnificent film. His answer to the more cautious producers undoubtedly was, "If this be propaganda, make the most of it." And that is what we hope the millions of film fans will do. "Pastor Hall" is propaganda: the kind that has been preached for 2,000 years. As we said, Hollywood is getting blamed for too much these days, but why the producers ducked "Pastor Hall" is completely beyond us. Ernst Toller's splendid story (based on the case of the Rev. Martin Niemöller) is an eloquent appeal to the conscience of Christian humanity; it is a document of courage and faith personified by one man who bowed his head only to God.

That man was Pastor Hall, a kindly, middle-aged Lutheran pastor in the sleepy little German town of Altdorf. As the picture opens, Herr Pastor shows only mild interest in the sudden descent of the goose-stepping Storm Troopers into the village; yet as he watches them he seems

friend, General Von Grotjahn, Pastor Hall fights the onrush of the Nazi philosophy.

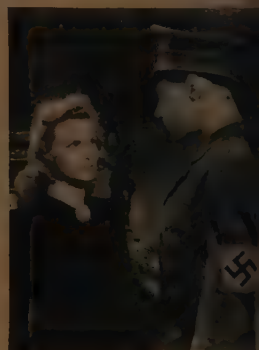
When the Storm Troopers learn that Pastor Hall is preparing a sermon against the Nazi regime, he is arrested and removed to a concentration camp. They offer him freedom if he agrees to end his criticism of Hitler. This Herr Hall will not do. He is beaten, tortured and when Christine and the General arrange an escape, the minister refuses to flee to America. Instead he returns to the pulpit for one last sermon, urges his congregation to carry forth the will of God and then

stunning dramatic power of "Pastor Hall." We need not urge *Christian Herald* readers to see it. We know this is one picture few of them will miss. Perhaps though even as we, will come away inspired by this study of the courage of a man for God. His fight is our fight, too, and I think we should remember that the ultimate triumph comes, not by the bullet and the bomb, but by the Word.

As a producer of American historical films, Darryl F. Zanuck has no peer. (Continued on page 68)



Pastor Hall (Wilfred Lawson) in concentration camp; Right, his daughter defies storm trooper



GUESS I mentioned our Old Home Day down in the country church in my last letter. You know we have been having sort of little Old Home Days ever since we moved down there. The service has been held every afternoon, and such fine congregations as we have had—people coming from all over. The book has certainly been a great advertisement for the place. Sister and I are beginning to trot out the antique articles once in a while and display them to bulging and admiring eyes. The preacher's gown, over 100 years old; the hand-made communion table of curly maple; piece of carpet woven from the wool off the backs of the early settlers and brought to the church 136 years ago, which has not faded one bit.

Every Sunday since Old Home Day in the middle of August, we have had a picnic lunch with a cup of coffee on the lawn by the church, and it gives everybody such a nice happy time and such a chance to get acquainted with any new folks who may come. I had a letter from a Jewish brother yesterday saying he was down to the church and liked the sermon so well he wanted me to come down to New Haven to speak to the Men's Club at the Synagogue. I am certainly planning to go.

Next week I take a trip away down in Virginia and spend the Sunday of October 27th at Hampton Institute. I am going on a most interesting and useful time, and will tell you about it in my next letter. Moms is going, too, and I am going down to visit her old friends and relatives. You see, Sister is librarian at the local high school and has to stay home to look after things, including her mother. She enjoys her work and while it doesn't make less dollars than teaching it also doesn't make a plaguy lot less headaches.

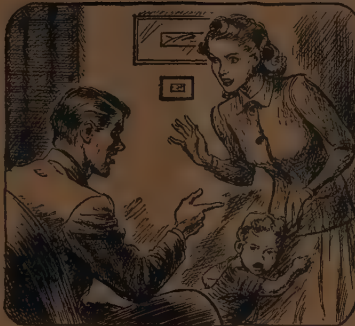
While, as I have written before, to go out with a plow on one shoulder and a pulpit on the other doesn't work out, it is wonderful to have a good garden to look to. The other day I went over and just stood there by the gate deciding what I should gather for the day. Beets, carrots and corn and potatoes and squash and beans and onions and summer squash were awaiting me.

A minister down country made a very useful study with the guidance and help of Storrs College of the actual cash value of their big garden tended with the help of a family of children. They did quite a bit of canning, and the actual boost in their income was surprisingly large.

We have already put about fifty bushels of potatoes in the cellar and are going to swap six or seven bushels for apples, and two or three for sweet cider, and some fifteen or twenty bushels we will save for poor folks that are sure to need them this winter.

Locally we got a good deal of credit for being the means of a large poor family getting a cow and a very nice young cow at that. But as the family needed some, and I fattened two calves on it and only paid \$30 for her anyway, I will not expect any particular credit for it on St. Peter's books.

"You're turning my own child against me!"



1. Johnny needed that spanking, I thought. Mary didn't agree. She took him in her arms and protected him from me. Johnny clung to her—the look in his eyes made me feel like a brute. "I hate you! I hate you!" he sobbed.



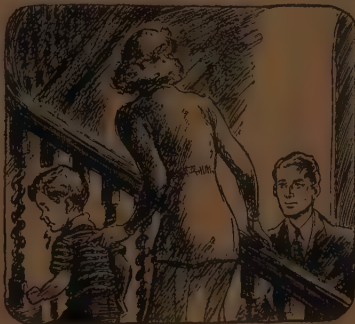
2. Those words stung! Johnny is the apple of my eye, and I want him to think I'm pretty swell, too. "You're turning that child against me," I stormed. "I don't enjoy spanking him. But he's got to learn he can't act up every time he has to take a laxative."



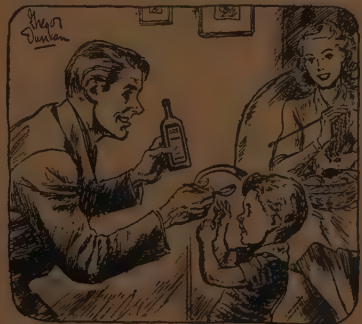
3. "But he's only a child," Mary pleaded, "and that awful-tasting stuff terrifies him. I told the doctor about these scenes today. He says it's bad to force a child to take a bad-tasting medicine. It's apt to shock his entire nervous system."



4. "According to the doctor, children should get a laxative that tastes good—one they take willingly! But NOT an adult laxative. A child's system is delicate, after all—and needs a special laxative. The doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He says it tastes good—and it's designed for children and only children. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. It's gentle and thorough—contains no harsh drugs. And above all else, Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE!"

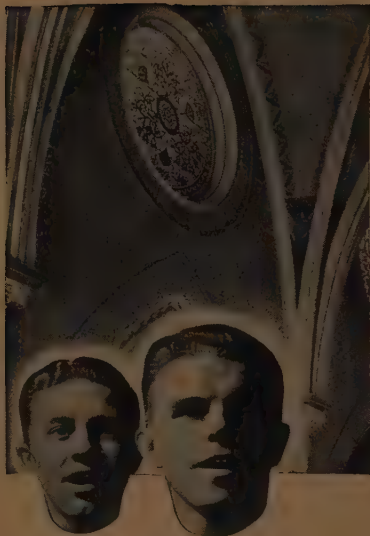


6. Well, I was off in a jiffy for a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. And it's turned out to be all the doctor said. But more than that—Johnny's my boy again. No more tantrums when he needs a laxative. He comes a running to his dad for Fletcher's Castoria!

Chas. H. Fletcher

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(Continued from page 27)

but she had never let her mother and father know. She was four years older than Carol, and told herself that she was too big for dolls, anyway. . . .

The plane was on time. Julie's face felt hot and she was tired. She was going to love Carol and show her a good time if it killed her. But she was not going to let Jeff have a chance to change his mind about her!

Carol came down the run-way.

Julie's eyes grew round.

Carol drooped. Her eyes were dull and her face pale and utterly lifeless.

All of the dismay that had lived with Julie these three days fell away from her, and left her hollow inside. "Why, Carol, darling, you're ill," she said with quivering lips. Her love for her little sister surged through her and the hot tears leapt to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm all right," Carol said in her husky voice. "Hello, there, Dad! It's grand of you to come all the way here to meet me." She clasped her hands around his arm and reached her lips for his kiss.

Her voice was ineffably tired. Her father turned an incredulous look upon her. Then he said, "Its wonderful to see you, my baby."

The sparkle, the very life of her had ebbed away. Julie felt like weeping. Something had happened to Carol. Julie racked her brains for anything in her sister's letters that might be a revelation.

Julie tried to be gay over their little supper, but Carol seemed absorbed in thought. Their father was ill at ease. He didn't know how to take this new Carol. He asked about her health and questioned her about her lack of appetite.

"Oh, I'm all right, Dad. You know, the fall rush is on, but I got excused for a vacation."

"Of course. Everyone's dying to talk with you, Carol and see your clothes, and hear all about your work. They're as excited as if you were a movie star!"

"Let's just keep to ourselves for a while, can't we?" Carol pleaded.

"Of course, if you'd rather," Julie said.

Carol was listless and quiet the first week. Julie found her crying one evening when she came from school.

"Won't you tell me, Carol, darling? I know, of course, there's something. Dad is so worried, and says he's going to take you into the clinic for an examination."

"I'm all right! Can't you leave me alone? There's nothing wrong with me. I should have known that it wouldn't do to come home!"

She laughed up at Julie suddenly. "There's a young man in this town I should like to meet. Japhtha says Father's new assistant is handsome and dark. Let's give a party!"

Julie felt empty inside again. She had been so concerned over Carol's unhappiness that she had forgot her uneasiness at her arrival and subsequent introduction with Jeff.

After Carol had put it the way she had, Julie could not tell her that Jeff and she loved each other. Her hands were cold and her heart hammered slowly. If Carol wanted to have a party, of course, they must have one! If it would take Carol's mind off her troubles to be with their father's assistant, then she

should certainly provide the occasion.

She arranged a dinner party so that Carol could meet Jeff. There were four of them, an old friend of Carol's who was anxious to appear at ease before her and the two girls and Jeff.

Julie was proud of him as he came up the walk, tall figure encased in his evening clothes, worn especially for Carol's sake. Julie was wearing a deep red dress that night that set off her dark beauty, and gave her grave and poised.

He looked hurriedly about and kissed her quickly before Carol came down to the living room.

Travel weariness was gone now, and Carol's face was flushed with color. Her eyes were too bright. There were unshed tears back of them, Julie knew. Carol wore black velvet, with a low-cut bodice and her beautiful shoulders rose proudly. She came forward merrily to meet Jeff.

The evening was gay. Carol shone and so that it would not be wasted, Julie suggested they go for a drive through town, where her sister could be further seen and appreciated. Carol and Jeff sat together and Julie sat with her dinner partner.

With the closing of the front door Carol's gayety disappeared like magic and she was exactly as she had been on her arrival.

Julie looked at her in dismay, and asked brightly, "How did you like Jeff?"

"I can imagine he's the only eligible man in town. But he looks too much like someone I hate and am trying to forget. Carol smiled slightly. "I suppose thought that I could find it in my heart to enjoy him. Perhaps I'll give it a whirl!"

Julie sat before the dying logs in the fireplace, remembering Jeff's eyes and hearing his words again, "I want you Julie. Let's be married soon." If only she had not been such a fool, she told herself! To make him wait for her, to prove to herself that he really loved her. But she could not know that Carol would come home and want him. If only she had married Jeff and continued her teaching! Just for the remainder of the year. Now, she told herself, it would be Carol. But Carol would not marry him. She would only amuse herself with him until this other hurt left her.

Julie walked slowly up the stairs. She will do this for Carol. I will not tell her that Jeff belongs to me or that I love him."

Carol seemed happier the next day. But Jeff did not ask her to go out. Carol secure in her knowledge of men, called him the second day, and Julie closed the door so she would not listen.

The next day and all of the next week Carol seemed just a bit better. Her color returned and Julie heard her sing. Then Carol called her into her room one evening. "Come in and look at the Julie before I burn it. This is the source of all my troubles." She held out a large portrait of a man, Julie's heart caught. He was so very much like Jeff.

True, there was a difference on close scrutiny. This man wore a small clipped moustache, and his high forehead showed promise of becoming bald early. That was a cruel look about his whole make-up. That was unlike Jeff, certainly. Julie remembered his clear brown eyes and stab like a knife point cut her heart.

Carol was laughing huskily. "There's nothing about him that should cause a girl to become heartbroken at having to give him up, is there, Julie?" She tore the picture deliberately through the middle. Then she folded it over and tore it again and again. The pieces fluttered downward to the wastebasket. Carol dropped to her knees and watched them—the tears streaming down her face.

"He made me love him. I'd have died for Alex, Julie. I cried over every unkind thing he ever said. He's cruel and self-centered. I loved him and hated him at the same time. He laughed because I cried when he told me he is going to marry another girl." She clutched Julie around the neck. "I'm telling you now, and we'll never mention it again. He's marrying her because of her money and position. He's sailing with her today. They were married at noon." Her voice rose hysterically. "And I, Carol Allen, who has always had everything she ever wanted, am left at home!"

Julie spoke softly. "He isn't worth your little finger, Carol. You will get over this. I know you will. You must work hard, and by this time next year, you will know that you were wrong in caring for him. It happens to all of us. Always there is someone whom we thought we loved who has not deserved it."

Carol looked up in amazement. "You, too, Julie?"

Julie nodded. "Norman Kent."

Carol said in a queer, hard voice. "And I saw him and wanted to show the girls that I could take him away from them. I didn't know, Julie, that you cared for him." She threw herself on the bed. "Yes, I did know, Julie! I knew from the first that you cared. I'm going to stop lying. I've hated myself all of these years. You've always given in to me. Don't do it anymore! Don't allow me to take things that don't belong to me. Part of it has been your fault. Yours and Dad's and Mother's!"

Julie stared at her in fascination.

"Oh, I know you did it to be kind to me. But it wasn't kind. It was cruel. Terribly cruel. But you couldn't know it, darling. Don't look like that, and don't you dare cry! You all thought you were being good to me. And I became spoiled and rotten. Everyone was nice to me, but deep down in their hearts the kids my own age hated me."

She rose and walked over to the window and looked down on the street where she had rolled hoops and bicycled with the other Clayton youngsters.

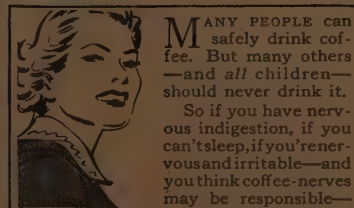
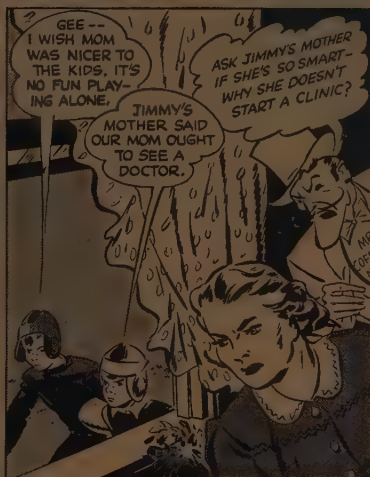
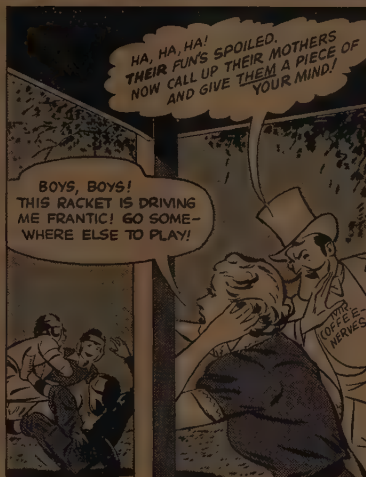
"Even now, when I have played around with Dad's assistant, I knew you loved him, Julie. I've talked with him. And he has told me that you are going to be married. I'm glad, Julie. But you were afraid of me. You didn't mean to let it show, but it did, just as it did all of those years when I got the prettiest doll at Christmas, and the pink dress instead of the blue, and the biggest piece of cherry pie."

Julie rose swiftly, and came to Carol. She said, "Oh, Carol, to think that all of these years, I never knew. It makes me hate myself, when I think of all you've been through."

Carol smiled.

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 25)



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Mr. Jones: (Irritably.) Tell me the truth now. What does the doctor say about my eyes? None of this break it easy stuff. I guess I can take it. What I mean is . . . will I . . .

Mrs. Jones: Your eyes are going to be all right, John. You just have to keep them covered up a few days, the doctor says.

Mr. Jones: You sound kind of funny, Mable. Say, is there something you aren't telling me? What . . . what about the guy we got smashed up with? Did we run into him, bad?

Mrs. Jones: (Looking at the nurse and drawing a deep breath.) I . . . I'm afraid it was our fault, John. You ran through a red light just as he was turning the corner. He couldn't possibly be . . . blamed. (Her voice rises.) It wasn't his fault at all! He . . .

Nurse: (Briskly.) Lie down, Mr. Jones. The boy . . . he and the girl are both all right now.

Mr. Jones: (Settling back on pillow) Gosh. That's good. I'm glad I didn't. . . Mable, Are you still there? Why, don't you say something?

Mrs. Jones: (Trying to keep her voice steady.) Try to sleep now, John.

Mr. Jones: You can't fool me, Mable. Something is the matter! If it isn't my eyes . . . Mable, answer me. How much was that guy hurt? (Mrs. Jones is crying silently into her hands.) Mable! Will he . . . is he . . .

Mrs. Jones: (Struggling to steady her voice) Yes, John, he was badly hurt. But he's . . . alive. The girl only had her face cut a little. And the boy . . . if the operation is successful. . .

Mr. Jones: (Horried, whispering.) Operation?

Mrs. Jones: (Unable to control herself longer.) Oh John, if he never walks again. . . oh!

Nurse: (Going over to her.) Maybe you'd like to go out in the corridor, Mrs. Jones, where the chairs are more comfortable. I think your husband had better try to sleep now. . .

Mr. Jones: (Sitting up in bed.) Sleep! When maybe, upstairs . . . Who was in that car? Mable, say something! A boy and a girl . . . Was it a Ford? Tell me. You've got to tell me. If you don't . . .

Mrs. Jones: Lie down, John. I'll tell you.

(Continued from page 47)

"You must never say that. And it is all past. Everything. I shall never let myself be spoiled again. That is the reason I stayed away from home so long." Her face was lighted with the old fire of her unconquerable spirit.

Julie thought: I've been despicable. She has gone through so much more than I. No one had ever known that Carol Allen had lain awake at night frightened about the things that life kept shoving into her unwelcoming lap.

The girls dressed up for dinner that night, and Julie felt warm and tingly inside because Jeff was coming. But even after she heard his voice in the entrance hall, she felt a later quiver run through her because of Carol's unhappiness. But Carol was going to be happy now.

Try to be quiet. It was a boy and girl in the car. They were going to a party. An Allied Youth party. And they. . .

Mr. Jones: Who was driving that car?

Mrs. Jones: Oh John, it was. . . Johnny! (After a moment of appalled silence she rushes on.) He's not dead, John. Really. He's up in the operating room, like the nurse said. I'm telling you the truth now, John. That's why I was . . . away from you. I had to be with . . . Johnny. (Whispering.) He didn't know me. He was still. . . (Cries.) Don't look that way, John. I'm not blaming you. I don't blame you at all. It was just that you weren't quick enough. . .

Mr. Jones: Johnny! (Door opens and doctor enters.)

Doctor: What's this? Didn't I say he was to be kept quiet?

Mr. Jones: Doctor. Has Johnny . . . is he. . .

Doctor: So that's it. Hm. Who told you? Well, your son's all right. He will be, anyway. Lucky kid. A fraction of an inch more and . . . I just came down from him and he'll walk all right. (Mrs. Jones stifles a cry.) Give him six months. . .

Mrs. Jones: (Whispering.) Six months!

Mr. Jones: Will he have to use crutches, doctor?

Doctor: Now quit worrying. He's going to walk, I tell you. Now you forget it and go to sleep. Coming with me, Mrs. Jones?

Mr. Jones: Wait. Wait just a moment, Mable. Where are you? (He gropes across counterpane and she puts her hand into his groping one. Nurse and doctor go and stand by door discussing chart.)

Mrs. Jones: Yes, John?

Mr. Jones: There aren't any words, are there, Mable? It . . . it was me that was the kid instead of Johnny. Can you . . . Oh Mable!

Mrs. Jones: (As if he were indeed a child.) It's all right now, darling. Johnny's going to lots more parties. We'll make it up to him. We'll let him have the gang in . . . the Allied Youth gang . . . won't we, John? We'll have a lot of . . . family good times. (He quiets under her hand and voice.) Maybe this was a good thing after all, dear. Maybe we know now what we . . . want . . . (Lifts his hand and lays it against her cheek.) You and me and Johnny, being together. John, dear, I'm terribly happy!

(Curtain.)

Julie went up to Jeff and he kissed her there in the old hall that had seen her goings and comings from christening days to the present. As they stood in the doorway with the last rays of sun coming in through the colored fanshaped window above the door, Carol came down the stairs.

Jeff held out his hand, and Carol said softly, "I think I can safely predict a wedding, darlings." She put her arm around Julie and walked into the living room with them. "Won't you make it soon, so I can be here for it? I wired my office that I will be back next week."

Julie looked at Jeff. His eyes smiled encouragingly.

"Is Saturday too soon?" Julie's soft voice trembled.

"Not soon enough!" Jeff answered jubilantly.

(Continued from page 32)

ing, most of the tribe dispersed for the summer buffalo hunting and salmon fishing, leaving only the old, the crippled and a few mothers, Ti-wi among them.

Marcus resolved, during this peaceful interlude, to make a trip to Lap-wai, to attend the Spaldings, who, he heard, were both ill. Narcissa dreaded being alone with only her baby and Sarah Hall; but it was safe enough, with the braves away on the hunt. She saw Marcus away with comparative equanimity.

Sarah Hall had adapted herself with surprising ease to life at the Mission. She was picking up English, and though she was a good deal of a spitfire, she was an affectionate little thing. She became extremely teachable, and her devotion to little Alice Clarissa was a moving thing to watch. With Marcus, for many months, she remained a little uneasy, but within a week of her arrival her faith in Narcissa was complete.

Marcus had been gone nearly three weeks, and Narcissa was expecting his return at any moment, when a horseman galloped through the dooryard and dismounted before the steps. It was Miles Goodyear. He pulled off his cap with the Governor's best manner, "A courier from the Governor, Madam!"

Narcissa held out both her hands. "Miles! Miles! How glad I am to see you!" She led the way into the cabin and introduced him to Sarah Hall and to Alice Clarissa, in Sarah's arms. Miles gave Sarah a scant nod, but examined the baby gravely.

"She's like you, I'm glad to say—and a beautiful baby. She smells sweet, like a white child. Indian babies stink so! Say, Mrs. Whitman, what would you think if I went over to England for an education?"

"You aren't thinking of turning British—er?"

Miles looked at her indignantly. "Say, Mrs. Whitman, I was born an American! I'd rather be an ignorant American, like me, than the best educated Britisher, like—"

"Like Governor Simpson?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind being him," admitted Miles, grudgingly. After a pause, he spoke up; "Say, Mrs. Whitman, what do you think he did after you left Fort Hall? The day after you left he got an Indian to take him and me up to Joe Buffalo's camp. The Governor ordered us to stay back and not interfere; then he walked by himself and unarmed, right up to the council fire. He told Joe Buffalo, in a loud voice what white men did to men who attacked their women. Then he took the gun our Indian was carrying, shot Joe Buffalo through his heart, dropped the gun to the ground and walked slowly back to his horse."

Miles paused, well pleased with the expression of surprise and horror on Narcissa's face.

"Say, Mrs. Whitman, Joe Buffalo's death ought to be talked about to these Cayuse. Isn't the Doctor still talking gentle to them? You ought to tell the Doctor, when you tell him about Joe Buffalo, that I and a lot of other men consider that the Governor did the Doctor's job for him."

"What job was that, Miles?" boomed a great voice from the doorway.

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"Oh, Marcus!" cried Narcissa, running to throw her arms about him. "Safe at home again! Thank God!"

Marcus gave her a bear hug, tweaked the smiling Sarah's hair, and kissed the sleeping baby, then held out a hand to Miles.

"And what was that job, Miles?" insisted Marcus, sitting down to the fresh plate Narcissa had laid for him.

Miles flushed, but stoutly repeated the story he had just told Narcissa.

"So people think I am a coward?"

"Some whites do, and they say all the Indians do," answered Miles frankly. "Of course I know you are not, and tell them so. They just grin, and say 'Joe Buffalo'."

"I don't like that at all," said Marcus, meditatively.

"Say, Doctor," said Miles, "are you ever going back for that wagon?"

"I certainly am!"

"I'll give you a lift, if I'm not in England," said Miles in a condescending voice that caused both Marcus and Narcissa to burst into laughter. Following this, Sarah Hall, spoke for the only time that evening.

"I think white boys ver' silly," she said, and she put up the last tin cup and went to bed.

Miles continued his journey to Fort Vancouver the next morning, and Waiilat-pu settled down to uneventful weeks.

During the winter months Narcissa made real progress in teaching the women and children, though the men still held aloof. Marcus, however, did succeed in persuading a number of the men to plant wheat and potatoes; or, rather, the men plowed nearly fifty acres and left the planting for their squaws.

During the winter, not a single white person came near them. Narcissa finished the seventy-five page Cayuse grammar, and prepared to send it to the Sandwich Islands, where the American Board was in possession of a printing press. The greater part of her evenings she spent in teaching Sarah Hall.

Only once during the winter was the monotony broken. A tall, fine-looking man, who introduced himself as Frank Ermatinger, the trader, spent one night in their cabin. He brought the news that Dr. McLoughlin expected to visit Fort Walla Walla in a few days, and desired also to visit the Whitmans at their mission. McLoughlin, it seemed was leaving to spend an entire year in England.

They hurried preparations to receive McLoughlin, but on the night before he was expected an Indian runner appeared with a hurried line from Pierre Pambrun. Dr. McLoughlin was delayed and would not be able to visit Waiilat-pu, but would expect the Whitmans to meet him at Fort Walla Walla the following evening. Grievously disappointed, they began at once to make preparations for the trip. Further disappointment awaited them, however, for in the morning such a blizzard was raging that it would be impossible to think of taking the baby out.

"Go on, Marcus," said Narcissa, as bravely as she could. "Give him the letters for the mail."

"I wish you could take my place," said Marcus, above the howl of the wind. "Having a talk with him means more to you than it does to me."

Narcissa managed a smile, despite her bitter disappointment, and with the baby in her firm clasp went back into the cabin.

Narcissa had a bad day in the cabin. All the bitterness of disillusion which she had fought so many months, caught her in the moment of disappointment over her thwarted plans. She left the baby with Sarah Hall, shut herself in the leanto, and for hours paced the floor, fighting nostalgia that was like a physical illness.

(To be continued)

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

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(Continued from page 23)

war interrupting the custom. Once it was postponed because those living in Colchester, Connecticut, had been unable to procure molasses for the pumpkin pies!

It was not until 1789 that George Washington issued the proclamation setting November 26 of that year as a day of general thanksgiving. This proclamation, by the first President of the Country, is generally regarded as our first national Thanksgiving Day. For several years this day was observed faithfully. Then the States chose their own days, possibly because, like Colchester, they could not procure the food considered proper for a Thanksgiving feast. All, however, observed a day in November. The festival continued to be linked up with the old English Harvest Home, at the time of crop-gathering.

It was Abraham Lincoln who, in 1863, proclaimed the fourth Thursday in November as a legal holiday for the observance of Thanksgiving. The next year he was assassinated. So President Johnson issued the proclamation. Since then it has been customary for the President of the United States to issue a proclamation appointing the day. Governors of the various States likewise issue their proclamations, later.

Lincoln's naming of the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day is attributed to a woman, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. She began in 1840 campaigning for a definite time and a more general observance of Thanksgiving, and especially that a national character be given to the celebration. It was her persistence, year after year, in writing governors of various states, that finally resulted in the naming of the day she requested: the last Thursday in November. Then, as now, the day was observed by religious services and by feasting and games. From the beginning, it was a day of fellowship, of families gathering around a groaning table, of married sons and daughters bringing their own families back to the parental roof.

While the day, as we Americans celebrate it, belongs to us nationally, the Thanksgiving Day idea has come down to us from the ages. As a Biblical observance it is older than Christmas. From the Book of Judges we learn that when the Children of Israel were in the Land of the Canaanites, the latter "went out in the field, and gathered their vineyards, and trod the grapes and held festival."

Later the Israelites began holding their Feast of the Tabernacles, living during the observance in tents, or booths, to commemorate their forty years of wandering, and giving thanks to the Lord for their harvestings. In Deuteronomy 16, Moses directs them, thus:

"Thou shalt keep the feast of tabernacles seven days, after that thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor and from thy wine-press; and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy manservant and thy maidservant, and the Levite, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are within thy gates. Seven days shalt thou keep a feast unto the Lord thy God . . . because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the work of thine hands, and thou shalt be altogether joyful."



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(Continued from page 21)

in the way of worldly goods—not as some folks count possessions—but we've more'n enough to share. Do you—understand?"

"Yes," said the little girl, and then all at once she was talking very fast. "Mother," she said, "is staying in the house, only maybe the house isn't there any more. And if it isn't there and daddy gets back, on leave, where'll he go? And I knew a girl, she was in my class in school, but they took her to the hospital, and she'll be blind—but that was way in the beginning. And my kitten—it jumped out of the window when the glass broke after that big shell fell so near us. And it never came back again—the kitten, I mean—but maybe it has by this time. And please, ma'am, where did you put my clothes last night? Because I'm big as big, and I can dress myself!"

The lady was still staring at the little girl and her eyes were a trifle dim. And then, through some miracle, she said the right thing. "Why, dearie," she said, "I hung your clothes in the closet and—I'm real glad you can dress yourself . . . I can see it'll be a great help—having you around the place . . . I wouldn't be surprised that you could set a table—and dry china dishes."

"I can make tea," bragged the little girl. "And I can cut out cookies—when there's flour."

"You shall cut out a batch of cookies tomorrow," the lady told her. "I've got cutters in bird shapes and animal shapes and flower shapes. You could cut them today except that the house is so full of vittles it's bursting . . . Now hurry up and get dressed and come downstairs."

The lady turned away swiftly. She hadn't offered to help the little girl with the business of dressing—and the little girl was glad. The puppy did stay and help her, though. He licked her toes before she drew on her stockings, and he licked her fingers as she bent over to tie the laces of her shoes.

She came downstairs haltingly, and they gave her milk and toast and jam at the kitchen table. "Just a bite to tide you over," the lady told her. "You slept most around the clock—and it'll be dinner time before we can say Jack Robinson." The tall man patted her head and said, "The parson's coming—and so are a couple of schoolteachers. They're right anxious to meet you, honey."

The little girl was a trifle worried. A frown creased her brow. "To meet me?" she asked. "Why?"

"Hush, Thomas," warned the lady. She was fussing in front of a stove and the little girl couldn't help sniffing, because the stove was so crowded with delicious smells. The lady added after a moment, "They're anxious to meet you because you belong to us."

The little girl said anxiously, "But I'm going back to my Mother very soon," and the man nodded hastily and said, "You bet you are . . . Look here, if you're finished with that milk and toast, come outside for a while. The garden's gone, for the time being, but I'll show you the chickens. You can wear my sweater—we can turn up the sleeves so that it don't swamp you."

The sweater had to be wrapped almost twice around and the sleeves had to be



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CHARLES ST. JOHN
at 227 Bowery, New York City



rolled to half their length. And then the little girl, clinging to the tall man's hand, was walking out of the kitchen door. There were brown and red chickens in a neat run; they were pecking at the hard ground. "We'll probably have snow tomorrow," the man said. "Wish we could've had it already—snow's nice on a holiday," and the little girl asked,

"But really, what holiday is it? At home we don't have anything special until Christmas."

The man said, "Shucks, I'd forgotten—Thanksgiving's an American holiday! Of course, you wouldn't know."

The little girl said, "Thanksgiving?" but she said it under her breath. After a moment she asked, "Was somebody born on Thanksgiving?"

The man hesitated ever so slightly. "Friendship was born," he said at last, "and friendship's the backbone of this country. You see, honey, a lot of folks that were having trouble across the big pond came over here—sort of like you did

—but that was two-three hundred years ago. At first they were hungry and cold and didn't love their neighbors the way they should've. But then they had a harvest—and they felt flush—and everything was honky-dory. So they killed some wild turkeys and they made muffins and pies—we'll have muffins and pies, too, but our turkey's a tame one—and they had a feast. They invited everybody—even the Indians."

"I know about Indians," said the little girl, "but I never tasted turkey."

The man laughed and told her, "We got a man-sized drumstick with your name carved on it! It looks like you could use two drumsticks and it wouldn't do much harm." He cleared his throat. "Here," he said, "is where the rambler comes out in June, and that patch yonder is where we have tulips in April. You'll be crazy for the tulips."

"But," said the little girl, "we have tulips in our garden, and—by the time it's April—I won't be here. I'll be home with Mother and—" her voice faltered—"and daddy."

"Sure, sure you will," said the man. And then he took a large handkerchief out of his pocket and blew his nose very vigorously.

It was an hour later and the dinner was being served. The stout lady sat at the top of the table—she rustled in black taffeta—and her husband sat at the foot of the table, and the minister and the two schoolteachers—the minister had a warm smile and the schoolteachers were pretty—were dotted around the sides of the table, and the little girl sat between the minister and one of the teachers. And then the turkey was brought in and almost more vegetables than the little girl had ever seen, and yes—muffins, just as the man had said. And then suddenly the minister stood up and folded his hands and started to talk.

"O God," he said, "we bless you for giving us peace and prosperity and a family gathered together under a sturdy roof, *without fear*. And we bless you for lending us this little girl, and we ask you that her father and her mother may have a peaceful meal, too, on this day—"

"But not," said the little girl in her heart, "turkey! But not together!" That would be too much for even God to manage.

The minister went on. "As we bow our heads and hearts in gratitude," he said, "let us hope that soon there will be peace and prosperity enough for the whole world, and that everywhere—" his voice broke—"that everywhere there will be friendship and the reflection of your love . . . O Lord," he said, "for what we are about to receive, may you make us truly thankful."

The minister sat down abruptly, and the little girl stared hard at the turkey and wondered which leg had her initials carved on it. At least, half of her wondered about the turkey leg! The other half of her was wondering about mother and daddy and the kitten and whether tulips would really bloom, in the garden back home, next April, and whether she would be there to pick them.

Under the table something brushed against her leg. It was Tippy, the spaniel. The pressure of his warm body was oddly comforting.

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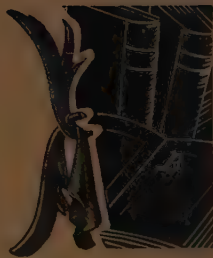
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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



Gabriel's Search, by Della T. Lutes. (Little, Brown and Company, 351 pp., \$2.50.) For the first 153 pages, or until Davy dies, this is a great, a very great, story. When Davy dies, the super quality disappears, but the story is still far above the average tale of these days. The author has the rare ability of making the past, even to details and smallest particulars, come entrancingly alive in the present.

The Family, by Nina Fedorova. (Little Brown and Company, 346 pp., \$2.50.) This is the Atlantic Monthly \$10,000 Prize Novel—and it is a prize. Character delineation has not been more brilliantly done, or as brilliantly, in a long generation. *The Family*, though different, belongs to the guarded heights achieved by "How Green Was My Valley." There is not a dull page, and the chapter arrangement is such that every page may be read intensively without sense of time passage. This novel has tremendous significance in a time when the creeds of totalitarianism would divide us and set each against all others.

God on the Bowery, by Charles J. St. John. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, N. Y. \$1.50.) Here is the flaming, dynamic story of the Bowery—New York's Bowery, which has been and continues to be one of the most amazing streets in all the world. There is no volume in contemporary fiction more incredible than this true tale written by St. John. Each chapter is packed with something closely akin to spiritual dynamite. The illustrations live and burn.

Our Future in Asia, by Robert Aura Smith. (306 pp., The Viking Press, \$3.00.) The circumstances of the past few days—as I write this review—justify the appraisal that the present volume is indispensable to American students of international affairs. It blinks no facts, dodges no issues, and reaches dynamic conclusions. "Must we assume England's role on the stage of the China Sea?" and "What is the 'Monroe Doctrine for Asia'?" are some of the questions answered.

The Works of Henry D. Thoreau. (423 pp., Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.49.) Now for the first time the great works of Thoreau are available in one volume. Each book is complete and unabridged. Thoreau's style is individual, unique, priceless. Though he never knew the reward of his labors, Fame's pen has written his name upon the literary pinnacles of the generations. Surely "Walden" is one of the greatest books that America has produced. With "Cape Cod," "The Maine Woods," etc., it is found now within these backs.

I Saw France Fall, by René de Chambrun. (216 pp., William Morrow & Company, \$2.50.) This is the first soldier's story of the present war. The author was in the thick of it, but at the same time he moved into and through the highest councils of the state. Faith that France will rise again does not obscure the clear vision with which Captain de Chambrun appraises the reasons for the debacle which followed the break-through in Belgium and at the Maginot Line.

Not Alone, by Joseph R. Sizoo. (99 pp., The MacMillan Company, \$1.25.) Dr. Sizoo has written to those who in the "confusion and chaos" of our times tumble upon the brink of disillusionment or despair. The style is helpful and convincing. The message is timeless, but it is also timely.

China Trader, by Cornelia Spencer. (362 pp., The John Day Company, \$2.50.) This is the story of New England in China, written in the life and love of a woman. Even the failure of a man is softened into something of beauty and strength by a

wife's loyalty. It is the eternal tale written with fidelity to its time and place—poignant, exquisitely beautiful and historically accurate. Surely it goes into any reviewer's "first ten."

One Foot in Heaven, the life of a practical parson, by Hartzell Spence, (Whittlesey House, 300 pp., \$2.50.) He may have had one foot in Heaven, but both feet were planted squarely on the ground. It would take nearly all the words of Barnum to adequately describe this son's story of his radiant, dynamic, human, Christ-like, preaching father. Biography it is, but written in Sinclair Lewis' style—at its best. Anyone who reads above the sixth grade will find this a thriller, and it ought to be in pictures.

As the Seed Is Sown, by Christine Whiting Parmenter. (389 pp., Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.50.) Here is the tragedy, romance, and presently the emerging triumph, of a broken home. The story is sustained and climactic. It is one of the most poignant that I have read in years. Read it to be warned, to be comforted, or to be condemned—but read it!

Schoolmaster of Yesterday, a three-generation story, 1820-1919, by Millard Fillmore Kennedy and Alvin F. Harlow. (Whittlesey House, 359 pp., \$2.75.) Mr. Kennedy chuckles as he looks back over the Kennedys' hundred years of teaching. These three generations found schoolmastering worlds of fun, which savor the pages of the book. The illustrations, done by Howard Simon, are exceptionally good. Thomas started the family on its three-generation way in 1820, when there were no textbooks, little paper, and few slates. It is a long, sacrificial road from the log cabins of that time to the palatial, fully equipped structures of our day. Without the Kennedys and their kind we would never have covered the distance.

Men of Power, by Albert Carr. (272 pp., The Viking Press, \$2.50.) In this volume are the stories of eight of the human power houses of world history—Richelieu, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, Bolivar, Mussolini, Stalin, and Hitler. The author succeeds, I think, in making a case for his thesis that there is a pattern to dictatorship—that Hitler is using methods that Napoleon learned from Richelieu. Also, he has made his own story interesting. He tells us that he formed an "advisory board" of five boys and girls, aged twelve to sixteen, who read each chapter in manuscript and wrote their comments. One chapter had to be completely rewritten! He concludes: "Very likely the destiny of the world will depend on the feeling toward power and democracy of the growing generation of Americans." One is impressed by the fact that frequently "men of power" who end up as dictators begin as fighters for the rights of the common people.

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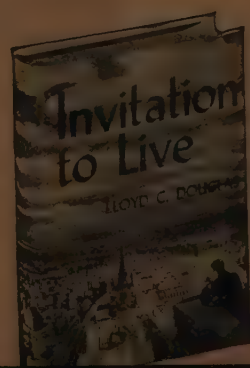
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STAMPS...

Defense

By Winthrop Adams

THE first stamp issue under the new Postmaster General, Mr. Frank C. Walker, is one of the most unusual issues in the history of American philately. It looks too much like some of the fund-raising European issues to suit some of us, but here it is: we can buy it or leave it. There are three values, 1 cent, 2 cents, 3 cents, inscribed "For Defense." There will be a good sale, we think; these are attractive stamps.

The new Postmaster General, by the by, tells us that there will be no change in U. S. postal personnel or policy. He says that philately will continue to occupy a prominent place in the program—which probably means that collectors will be offered just as many new issues as under the penny-wise Mr. Farley.

Oh well—we have learned to take it.

Pan Americans

Our desk is littered with letters asking us just how many countries issued Pan American Jubilee stamps. To save time, postage and our good humor, we give you here the list, all of them issued in 1940:

U. S.	1
Argentina	1
Bolivia	1
Brazil	1
Cuba	1 (Also in block-of-four)
Guatemala	2
Ecuador	8 (airmails)
Honduras	2 miniature sheets
Nicaragua	1
Panama	1
Paraguay	4 (airmails)
Paraguay	(Same, different inscription)
Salvador	2
Venezuela	1

They are beautiful stamps, and the whole collection can be purchased for less than ten dollars. And Gimbels have a new album designed especially for these Pan Americans. Write them (33rd Street at Broadway) for particulars.

Ugly?

We have done our share of brick-throwing at the recent U. S. issues, calling them everything from ugly to horrible. Sometimes, now that we sit down quietly and think about it, we wonder whether we are not overdoing this business of criticizing the Post Office Department every time a new issue comes out.

Some of those issues haven't been half bad, but we have as yet to hear anyone praise them with a whole heart. You just can't please everybody; what is beautiful to one man's eye is ugly to the next. Even the attempt to copy poor, Botticelli's "Spring" raised a furore, yet when we look at those same figures in the original painting, we call them "Glorious!" But on a postage-stamp they're bad. Why?

Vatican

This week we saw a loose-leaf album made up by an amateur artist. He can't draw a straight line to save his life, but he had one of the most beautifully illustrated collections of Vatican City we have ever seen. That whole issue, as you probably know, can be bought for fifteen dollars, and it reeks with religious and ecclesiastical symbols. It is good-looking, cheap as it is.

This collector had traced (who can't trace a picture?) pictures of the shields of the various popes, down the borders of his pages; he had made liberal use of traced pictures of other church symbols on his pages. The tracing was done originally in pencil, then finished in ink.

You may not go for Vatican City, but think what the same method of tracing might do for a collection of ships, churches, temples, animals, birds, etc. etc.

Question Box

Q: When will the next issue of Famous American stamps be issued? And how long does it take Pitcairn Island stamps to reach U. S.? Ans.: The "next" issue of Famous Americans will be selling as you get this month's *Herald*. Don't be impatient of Pitcairn Island stamps; the war has disrupted that service completely. Don't advise anyone to send money for these items until things quiet down.

Q: I would like to contact collectors interested in collecting postmarks. Could you put me in touch with them? Ans.: Those interested please write Mr. Adams.

Q: Could you give me the names of any Straight Edge Clubs, with their addresses? Ans.: We have no such addresses, but will run your question here. Straight Edge Clubs please reply.

Q: Have a stamp canceled in ink, with letters "A.F.S." It is a 30 cent stamp. What's it worth? Ans.: Can't tell, from that description. We never evaluate stamps by mail; we must see them. Forward U. S. stamps for evaluation to Harold Brooks, Marshall, Michigan.

Q: We are in a debate: A says British Guiana, 1856, is worth more than any other stamp ever issued; B says Mauritius 1847 takes first place. Who's right? Ans.: A wins; British Guiana catalogues at \$50,000 (too high, we think), and Mauritius at \$20,000 for two rarest issues, \$17,000 for mint copies of 2-cent dark blue of same issue, less rare.

Q: What country spells its name with an E, two V's upside down, an A and an S? Ans.: That nearly stumped us. It's Greece—you probably mean "Hellas," written in the Greek characters. Could tell if we saw the stamp.

Q: What are the best books on stamp collecting? Ans.: "Stamp Collecting, Why and How" by Prescott Thorpe; "Stamp Collecting" by Charles J. Phillips; and a new one called "Paper Chase," just out. Can't remember author. Order through *Herald Book Dept.*, if you want them.

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(Continued from page 15)

Jewish, thinks of his team-mate or opponent only as a sportsman, not as an example of a religious faith. I sincerely believe there's less religious bias on a football field than any other place I can think of. Which is a pretty good test of the football player's Americanism."

Snively leans back in his chair and his usually merry blue eyes grow thoughtful. "Sometimes I think about Europe," he says quietly, "and wish the young men over there were throwing footballs instead of cannonballs. Football teaches a boy to appreciate and respect the fine qualities, as well as the rights and point of view of his rivals: over there they are taught from childhood to hate the boy across the border: they are actually trained on hatred and in scientific ways of butchering and de-

☆

IN THANKFULNESS

For glowing sun on all the fields,
For slanting rain on all the hills,
For every furrowed faith that yields
A seedling hope that outgrows ills

And lifts its head above a clod,
For food and raiment, houses, flowers,
For every spark of love that burns,
For all the freedom that is ours
To worship Thee—our longing turns
In thankfulness, Eternal God!

But in this grand and awful time
Some have griefs to tie their tongues;
The ladders where their hopes might climb
To clearer views have broken rungs,
And all the lights of faith are dim.
"Give us this day our daily bread"
Their anguished cry falls on our ear,
The freedom that was theirs is dead;
Thanksgiving Day can bring no cheer.

God, help us to remember them!

Ruby Dell Baugher

☆

stroying. Perhaps if they knew body contact from a well-directed tackle or block they'd never accept a dictator's demand for bayonets and bombs. Here in America our boys get up off the field after the battle and shake hands; over there the boys never get up." The intense feeling with which Carl Snively says that moves you to the quick.

He's undoubtedly one of the greatest football coaches of all time. His record will always be at the top of the grid-iron's hall of fame. But he is also a man of character, a man with a sense of dignity and unselfishness; more than a coach, more than an athlete, rather a Christian who understands the meaning of those lines:

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He writes not how you won or lost
but how you played the game."

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(Continued from page 29)

served from lattice-edge plates, nuts from little mustard-dish hens and chilled cider from a white Ironstone teapot.

For any group planning a glass exhibit, it helps to have an inkling of American glass history—to know that table glass, as we know it today, is not *old* in the sense that furniture, for example, is old.

Table glass was not made in sets until little more than a century ago, and not in any quantity until 1850. Colonial grandmothers never dreamed of glass on the table. They had pewter and wood and heavy plates of Staffordshire crockery.

In 1827, at a Massachusetts factory, Demming Jarvis perfected a machine which enabled glass eventually to become a commonplace on American tables. The factory was the "Sandwich" factory; the machine the "pressing machine;" and the glass made by the process is called "pressed glass." It can be identified by a set of ridges (three, two or four) which run vertically up stems of compotes or goblets, for example, and which mark the divisions of the mold in which the piece was formed.

Pressed glass is made by pouring molten glass into a hinged mold. The pattern given to the glass is determined by the pattern on the sides of the mold. When the piece has "set" the mold is opened, the completed tumbler or berry dish removed and an identical one made in the same fashion.

Blown glass will usually show a rough spot on the bottom where the guiding "pontil rod" was broken away. And the inside of a blown piece will take the same shape as the out. Pressed glass is apt to be smooth inside and elaborately patterned on the outer surface and will have no pontil mark.

First pressed glass made at the Sandwich factory was a heavy, brilliant glass with a waxy, lacy appearance—now identified as "Sandwich." Only occasional pieces will be found of it, since only a small quantity was made (none at all after 1850), and only as occasional cup plates, fruit dishes, salts, tumblers etc.—never in sets.

By 1860, factories using the Sandwich "pressing process" were bobbing up all over eastern America. And since glass is unmarked and patterns were copied, borrowed and bought, with a tremendous rivalry, we have no way now of determining, in most cases, at what factory an individual bit of old glass was made.

Any glass exhibit is apt to provide more cakestands, compotes, fruit dishes and pickle jars than cream pitchers, plates and butter dishes. The former were "company pieces" used only on festive occasions and least apt to be broken. Old spoonholders, because of simple construction, seem to have a way of outliving all other pieces, though old goblets are inclined to be plentiful, too, because the last of the set had a way of climbing onto a back shelf as container for the less-choice of the season's jellies.

Our grandmothers chose "glass pattern" as modern brides choose silver. And glass-makers vied to produce patterns which would thrill feminine hearts.

Earliest patterns—'50-'70—were heavy, but brilliant, with large geometric designs. (Notice the Sawtooth and Thumbprint

Goblets in the illustration on page 30.) The ribbed patterns made in that era, however—the Ribbed Grape, Ribbed Oak, Ribbed Ivy and Bellflower—were lovely and have a graceful vine or flower design over geometric ribbing.

The frosted patterns of the 70's to 90's—the "glass boom" era—are among the loveliest and most desirable of old pressed ware. Westward Ho with its historic Indian, Deer, and Log Cabin is now being reproduced. The Frosted Stork, Deer-and-Dog, Frosted Lion, Three-Face and Polar Bear are sought by collectors far and wide and are bound to be represented in an old glass exhibit.

The fruit and flower patterns devised by manufacturers and eagerly snapped up by ancestral glass buyers are so numerous as to defy listing. There was the Baltimore Pear, several Strawberry, Blackberry, Currant, Loganberry and Cherry designs and more than a dozen different Grape patterns. And almost every native flower is included in one of the popular glass offerings of the day; the daisy, lily of the valley, rose, primrose, etc. Even wheat, barley and rye were used as a basis for patterns in popular sets.

Milk-white glass ('30-'90), and opaque glass in colors, was made very early at the Sandwich factory, in lamps, in candlesticks and in occasional bowls and berry sets. Not until the '80's however did it become widely popular. The Blackberry, Strawberry, Currant, Wheat and Grape patterns in milk glass are lovely. While the little hens-on-a-dish in which our grandmothers bought mustard, and the lattice-edged and kitten plates through which they strung baby ribbon (before hanging them decoratively on the wall) are high lights of any exhibit.

The boom in colored glass followed the Civil War, '60 to '90. Hobnail, Quilted, and Inverted Thumbprint patterns were made in a lovely rosy red, in blues, in amber, vaseline (a yellowish green) apple green and occasionally in amethyst. Some of the favorite clear-glass patterns like Rose-in-Snow, Wild-flower, etc. were also made in color.

The cut-glass of the '90's marked the death of the pressed-glass era. In the 1880's pressed patterns became less attractive and inspiration among pattern-makers seems to have died out. Only one pattern, the popular Daisy-and-Button, had wide appeal, and was made in every conceivable sort of piece and size as well as in several colors—clear, several ambers, several blues, amethyst, apple green and vaseline.

The Daisy-and-Button pattern is being revived, as are many of the old glass patterns, and it is difficult, sometimes, to detect reproduction from original.

No other table ware has ever been accepted so eagerly by the housewives of America as the pressed glass of the late nineteenth century. And since we still have on our shelves charming remnants, nothing else provides so appealing a subject for a silver-offering or even admission "get-together."

(Note: Our readers are particularly requested not to write to us, or to Mrs. Ellis, asking for an evaluation of any old glass. Mrs. Ellis cannot undertake to answer such requests. If you wish an appraisal of old pieces, take them to an antique dealer.—Editor.)

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(Continued from page 43)

bread will turn golden brown in 40 seconds. Slip doughnuts into fat with spatula. Fry about 3 minutes, or until golden brown, turning them frequently. Drain on absorbent paper. Sugar the doughnuts, if desired. Approximate yield: 3½ dozen doughnuts.

CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUTS

4 cups sifted flour	2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon soda	1½ squares chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup butter	1 cup sour milk
1 cup sugar	

Mix and sift flour, soda, cinnamon and salt. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, melted chocolate and vanilla. Add flour alternately with milk (add more flour if necessary). Place dough a portion at a time on a lightly floured board, pat out to ½ inch thickness and cut with a doughnut cutter dipped in flour. Fry in deep fat (370° F.) or hot enough to brown a 1 inch cube of bread in 60 seconds a delicate brown. Drain and cool and sprinkle with sugar if desired. Approximate yield: 3 dozen doughnuts.

Note: If fat is not hot enough the doughnuts will become greasy and soggy. If too hot they become too brown before they are done in the center.

LEMON-CREAM DOUGHNUTS

6 egg yolks	4½ cups cake flour, or 4 cups general purpose flour
1 cup sugar	
2 tablespoons lemon juice plus evaporated milk to make 1 cup	1½ teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind	1½ teaspoons cream of tartar
	¾ teaspoon salt
	¾ teaspoon nutmeg

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually add the sugar, beating while adding. Add the evaporated milk and lemon rind. Sift the dry ingredients together and add them to the first mixture. Place in the refrigerator for 5 hours. Roll out ¼ inch thick and cut. Fry in deep fat (365° F.). Approximate yield: 3½ dozen doughnuts, 2½ inches in diameter.

FRENCH CRULLERS

4 tablespoons sugar	1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup hot water
4 tablespoons vegetable shortening	1 cup flour
3 eggs	

Put sugar, salt, vegetable shortening, orange rind and water in a saucepan. Bring to the boiling point, add flour and mix well. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool slightly. Add one egg at a time, beating hard after each egg is added. Press through a pastry bag, using a rose tube, onto a well-greased square of heavy paper, one at a time. Turn paper upside down to let cruller drop into deep hot vegetable shortening and fry 6 to 7 minutes, or until well puffed up and delicate brown in color. If pastry bag is not available, drop dough from a teaspoon into hot deep fat. Frying temperature 360° F. Ice with Confectioners' Frosting. Approximate yield: 18 crullers.

CONFECTIONERS' FROSTING

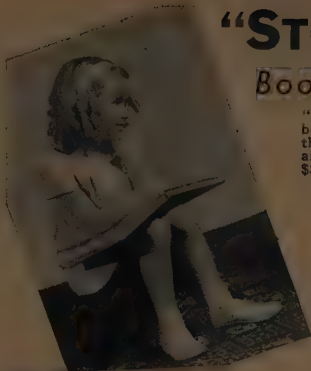
1½ tablespoons vegetable shortening	3 tablespoons milk or cream
1½ cups confectioners' sugar	¾ teaspoon salt
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream vegetable shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add enough milk or cream to make the frosting the proper consistency to spread. Add salt and vanilla and mix well.

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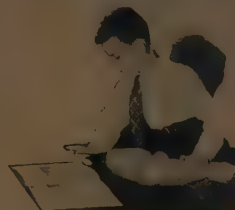
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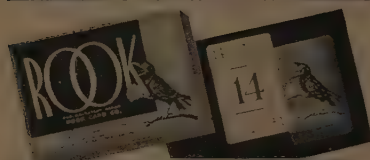
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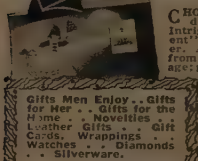
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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery

AS THIS is written, there was just time for a chilly lick or two of work in the garden before my wife called to supper. Afterward was darkness. But it was calm and peaceful out there, as I puttered around for a little while. I thought, as I worked, of how different it is in lands across the water.

Thanksgiving is not far ahead and it is in my mind to set down some things for which we can be happy here. But in these days of swift change and hazardous uncertainty, who can say what we'll have to be thankful for by the time these words can be set in type and printed? Such a fast-moving and troubled world it is, in which we live.

Through the years though, it has been the daily hour or so of work outdoors with flowers and shrubs and vegetables that has helped me to keep peace in my soul. There is something about weeding and spraying and taking pride in bloom or vegetable that makes one forget life's troubles near at hand and for a brief interlude banish thoughts of the distress and terror elsewhere in the world. So I'm thankful that I have a bit of free earth of my own upon which I can garden.

I'VE been thinking that maybe in these troubled times, this would be a good autumn to plant more roses, just as a symbol of faith and hope. November, as it happens, is an ideal time in much of the country to do this planting. Almost any home grounds would be better for more roses, anyhow.

Roses can be set out in any well-drained spot. I like to prune both roots and tops before planting, set them firmly in a good-sized hole. After they are planted, I hill up earth anywhere from six to ten inches over the tops to protect through the winter and prevent their heaving out.

AS A reminder, November is a good month to set out peonies, narcissus and other bulbs, shrubs, evergreens and small trees. Early in the month is usually still time to transplant perennial flowers, especially those which have good fibrous root systems. I do not care much to transplant perennials now that have tap roots, such as columbines, however, for it is hard to keep these from heaving out before spring comes.

A GOOD friend of ours, now gone to a better world, used to provoke me years ago, because she would prune back her rose plants too early and give them their winter mulch far too soon, long before they were through their growing. 'It is poor policy to do either of these as long as the leaves are holding on and green.

Maybe I am in error, but I much prefer to wait until nature has defoliated the rose bushes or at least until they are entirely dormant, after repeated killing

frosts, before I touch them. All that care about is to get the soil mounded about them just before the ground freezes hard. After freezing, I sometimes back the tops about half to minimize swaying in winter winds.

SOME years I do not dig my chrysanthemums but just cut off the tops, mulch them over somewhat lightly, and leave them where they had been blooming. Again, if I get time, I dig the plants and heel them in, in a cold frame, and cover this with a glass sash.

An editor friend of mine who is a hobby gardener, digs his four o'clock plants in the fall and stores them in his basement in boxes. He tells me that plants live over this way and can be reset in the garden the next spring.

SOMEHOW, I have never taken much to lilies. To be sure, there are a few clumps of some of the easily grown ones as the madonna, the umbellatum of candlestick and some regales about the place. But a great love for lilies is something akin to liking olives, it must be acquired. I have never acquired it.

However, a lot of folks do like lilies and will fuss and fret with them, to make them grow. If so, bulbs of quite a number of kinds are available in the fall.

MY GOOD wife often questions the space I give on the family bookshelves to catalogues, old and new, of bulb dealers, seed firms, nurseries and the like. They clutter up, gather dust and after a bit quite fail to lend themselves to interior decoration effects. But I hang on to many of them, just the same. The catalogues are full of useful information and many a time I go to them to find out things that I do not know or once know but have forgotten as the years pass swiftly.

ONE of my garden handicaps in the modern age is that we now live in a modern house. A hot air furnace is a blessing, as compared with the old bas burner of sacred memory, as a man gets a bit older; but it is a hard task to keep such bulbs and tubers as dahlias, gladioli and the like, over winter in a basement that has a furnace in it. They dry out and shrivel too much.

JUST ahead of a killing frost, we like to dig two or three shapely compact clumps of blooming chrysanthemums with ample supply of soil about the root systems, and pot them up in large clay pots. These we bring indoors where they keep right on blooming for many a day afterward. Varieties with small blooms are best suited for this purpose.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

NOVEMBER 3

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 4:16-30)

THE mission of Jesus has scores of approaches in the books of prophecy and of gospel, but in no place is it more pointedly and completely stated than in the fourth chapter of Luke. Indeed, in this chapter Jesus used two methods to declare at mission. The first way is by the spoken word; He told His hearers directly what He intended to do. The second is by deeds, of which there were many.

The Nazareth incident (Luke 4:16-30) when Jesus returned, to the home of His boyhood, went to the synagogue, and took the part of the minister for the day, gave Him the chance to state His purpose. He did it by reading from the prophecy of Isaiah, and then claiming the words as having a direct application to Himself.

Only a few sentences from Isaiah did Jesus read, but in those short statements He found six planks for His platform of service:

1. The poor can have the gospel of Jesus. This should be interpreted to mean not only those who are poor in worldly possessions, but those who are poor in an inward sense, and who greatly need what the gospel supplies.

2. The brokenhearted have healing. This may be counted as among the most blessed of the gospel's ministries. While Jesus was in the flesh, He brought joy to replace sadness in the homes of Jairus, the widow of Nain, and Mary and Martha.

3. Release is proclaimed to the captives. In a figurative rather than a literal way, Jesus gives release from chains. Not always has He opened prison doors, but from the chains of sin, even more confining, He has freed millions of believers.

4. To the blind comes sight. While many miracles of the recovery of physical sight are recorded, the larger ministry is to those who are in spiritual blindness.

5. Those who are shattered in fortune and broken in spirit have recovery.

6. The time of God's blessing, "the acceptable year of the Lord," is to be proclaimed. In a special way this had to do with the coming of Jesus Christ as Messiah. The establishment of His kingdom is also a timely interpretation.

Fulfilling the prophecy. Any other rabbi could have read and expounded the prophecy from Isaiah. But when Jesus boldly said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled," making the personal pronoun of Isaiah to apply to Himself, there was consternation. Naturally His kinfolk and neighbors could see no Messiah in Jesus, the carpenter's son. They had heard about some mighty works, but had seen none. Sensing this, Jesus reminded them of two other occasions, well known to them (I Kings 17:9-24; II Kings 5), when Jews were rejected and Gentiles chosen to receive God's blessing.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why did Jesus quote from Isaiah rather than state His own mission directly?

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Deut. 6:7

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2. How many of the six sections of the Isaiah passage are to be carried out by Christians today?

3. Can and should every Christian share in the things Jesus sought to accomplish?

NOVEMBER 10

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 6:27-38)

THE sixth chapter of Luke makes a good claim for a place among the most valuable chapters in the Bible. It contains vital teaching about the Sabbath Day, a noteworthy miracle, the selection and names of the twelve disciples, and a brief but valuable collection of the great teachings of Jesus.

With *Armistice Sunday* in mind each student and teacher should go carefully through the verses which constitute an *exhortation to love* (27-38). Which expressions are most potent in establishing peace among men?

This whole passage (27-38) "is an exposition of Christian love as the motive of all conduct, towards enemies as well as friends; this is the necessary corollary of being 'sons of the Most High' (v.35), since it is in conduct that the filiation is revealed. . . . God's attitude to men, which is one of love and mercy towards all of whatever kind, is to be the standard of men's attitude to each other. (*The Clarendon Bible*.)

The questions of resistance to evil, of attitude toward violent and evil-minded persons, of mercy, forgiveness, and long-suffering are not in our day abstract discussions. Every Christian must find a position to which he can commit himself. In speaking of such questions Jesus emphasized the inner aspect of goodness, which is something about which mere obedience to law knows nothing.

The following quotation (from *Commentary on St. Luke*, by Alfred Plummer) will provide discussion material for many classes. "The four precepts of verses 29, 30 are startling. It is impossible for either governments or individuals to keep them. A State which endeavored to shape its policy in exact accordance with them would soon cease to exist; and if individuals acted in strict obedience to them society would be reduced to anarchy. Violence, robbery, and shameful exaction would be supreme. The inference is that they are not precepts, but illustrations of principles. They are in the form of rules; but as they cannot be kept as rules, we are compelled to look beyond the letter to the spirit which they embody."

The Golden Rule as a negative principle was familiar to the Jews of Jesus' day. Rabbi Hillel had a saying, "What to thyself is hateful, to thy fellow thou shalt not do." But Jesus went far beyond this, for He lifted it from a defense to an aggression; from "a rule of guarded action to a boundless inspiration to good."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How is it possible for a Christian to love his enemies?
2. How practical is the principle of non-resistance in the present world situation?
3. Is it necessary for two parties to work at the Golden Rule in order that it be successful?

NOVEMBER 17

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 7:2-15)

NO PICTURE of Jesus would be complete that did not feature His compassion for suffering humanity and His concern that life and health should prevail among those to whom He ministered. Thus when Luke places side by side the two important miracles, of the centurion's servant and of the widow's son, we are brought into close contact with Jesus' purposes.

A miracle with novel features. Two novel features mark the healing of the centurion's servant: (1) the centurion was not a Jew; (2) the healing was done at a distance and not by touch or command. The personalities involved were these:

1. *The centurion.* He probably was a soldier in the army of Herod Antipas. He was a Gentile, but had been attracted to the Jewish faith and enjoyed attachment to the synagogue.

2. *The servant.* Of him little is known. We can only guess at his disease, but we know that it was very serious, for he was about to die. The servant seems to have had no part in the incident except to be the happy recipient of restored health.

3. *The two deputations.* The first committee to wait on Jesus, sent by the centurion, was composed of Jewish elders. The second committee was composed of some of the centurion's friends, who came to say that he, a Gentile, was not worthy of a visit.

4. *The man of faith.* We return to the centurion, who reached beyond being a man in need and asking for help to become a man of extreme confidence. "You need not come," he said. "Thou, who art under no man, and hast authority over unseen powers, hast only to say a word and the sickness is healed." (*International Critical Commentary*.)

It was this that caused Jesus to "marvel" at the words which He heard. When as the Jews had pressed to be near Him for healing, a Gentile declared that His physical presence was not necessary. There was real spiritual discernment, and Jesus could only say, "I have never met faith like this anywhere, even in Israel."

5. *The Great Physician.* His willingness, sympathy, and grace stand out in this story. His humanity is asserted. His astonishment at the centurion's faith. His praise of the Gentile centurion bespeaks the wideness of His mercy.

Jesus' compassion is again to be noted in His healing of the dead man at Nain. In this instance there was no appeal except that of the circumstances,—a funeral procession, a body being carried, a crowd of mourners, a mother weeping for her only son, the companion of her widowhood. Any person would be touched by this, and Jesus acted by approaching the widow. "Cease your weeping," He said quietly. Then He touched the bier and spoke. "I say, Arise." With utter naturalness, and to show that he was now alive, the man sat up and began to speak. The wonder the multitude was amazed.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why did the Jewish elders think worthy of the centurion?
2. If the centurion believed that Jesus

could heal at a distance, why was not that his first request?
3. Why are the dead not raised to life in our day?

NOVEMBER 24
(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 8:4-15)

LUKE'S Gospel gives the briefest account of the Parable of the Sower; Matthew and Mark add some details, but the teaching is the same. This really is the parable of four kinds of soil, or four attitudes toward the Gospel.

1. *The first attitude* is represented by the hard soil at the wayside. We are not to think of a wide road walled off from the fields, but of a beaten path between them. This road represents those who are impervious to the truth, into whom it finds no entrance at all, because the devil is ready to counteract any good influences that favorable environment might have.

2. *The second attitude* is represented by rocky ground, where the seed has not much earth. The reference is not to ground which contains stones but to a rocky substratum which has only a thin layer of soil on top.

In this case the hearers have a superficial readiness to receive the word. Their emotions are deeply stirred; they are attracted by the pleasant things and have not stopped to count whether there will be unpleasant ones. Persecution soon withers a discipleship that is not deeply rooted, and temptation in diverse forms finds no great difficulty in gaining the mastery.

3. *The third attitude* is represented by the soil where thorns already exist and where the truth never has right of way.

The application (v.14) may be translated thus: "The distractions of the present evil time, and the power which wealth has to deceive men with its enticements and the controlling desire for other things of the same sort, choke utterly the word of truth so that it cannot perform its natural function of bearing fruit." How many such hearers there are!

4. *The fourth attitude* is represented by the good soil, receiving the word, giving depth for its roots, not crowding it out by other things. The distinguishing characteristic of this class is that it bears fruit. The others all failed at this point even though they might have had the appearance of success in the production of a plant or stalk.

Here is the keen challenge of this lesson: that we should classify ourselves either as those who protect themselves against the entrance of the truth; or as those who give it only shallow, superficial entrance and never a real chance; or as those who try to keep worldliness and righteousness together in the same life; or as those who genuinely provide a good reception in a clean heart, with full surrender, and with fruit borne in consistent, complete, satisfactory daily life.

Questions for Class Discussion

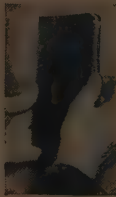
1. To what extent are Christian people themselves to be blamed for the existence of hardened hearts (the first soil)?
2. By what thorns are the fruits of the Christian life crowded out today?
3. What forces make for shallowness in religion today?



13 And ye shall know that I am the LORD, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves,

Isa. 56:2, 5
Isa. 57:1, 2
Isa. 65:17
Isa. 66:22

ing covenant with them; and I will place them, and multiply them, and I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore.



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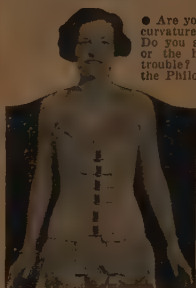
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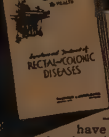
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(Continued from page 41)

ness, so is the Christian. When there is true faith in God, and that simple trust which believes that, come what may, He has not abdicated, then there is steadfastness, and serenity. Look at the Divine Master, with the cross shadowing His path. Was He dismayed? Nothing could deprive Him of the Father's care. He could say to those troubled disciples, "Peace I leave with you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled." That is meant to be also our portion.

Troubled and perplexed, let us not be carried afar from Thy grace. So shall life be a source of blessing to others. Through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

TRY ANYTHING ONCE

"FIRST A WILLING MIND."
READ II CORINTHIANS 8:1-12.

THE smart man affirms he is willing to try anything once. That may be only an empty boast or stupid foolhardiness. Yet many an obstacle can be overcome by trying anything which presents difficulty once—and at once. It is said that mankind divides into three classes: the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The wills accomplish most things; the won'ts oppose most things; and the can'ts fail in everything. Correct or not, we know that given the resolute will to follow Christ, to be loyal, to make the best of life's chances, is the secret of all high achievement.

*"Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done." Amen.*

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

UNEXPECTED RESULTS

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."
ECCLESIASTES 11.

A REMARKABLE group of Christians was discovered in Central Africa. They had been taught about Christ by a man of their own race. Destroying their fetishes, they had built a church, set Sunday aside for worship, and bought Bibles they could not read. For ten years, they had been without instruction or guidance. Yet the seed sown by that colored disciple had grown into a glorious harvest. We can never tell where faithful service ends or what its results. That is why, despite unpropitious times, and the tendency to "mind our own business," we must sow the seed of Christ's evangel always and everywhere.

Move our hearts to be true to Thy trust in us, O Saviour, that the story of Thy sacrifice may spread. Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

THE MERRY HEART

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD."
READ PROVERBS 17:20-28.

LIKE other fine qualities, a happy disposition needs cultivating. It is pos-

sible to repine or rejoice, to be gloomy or glad. Nor does that depend on external circumstances. It depends on the soul within. A little fellow, although seriously sick, had only one reply when asked how he felt. It was, "Fine!" And the physicians, who held out small hope for his recovery, affirmed that it was his merry heart, his fighting spirit, which helped the cure. To confide our cares to God, to cast our burden upon the Lord, to repress the sigh and release the song, this means victory.

In Thy boundless mercy, gracious Father, in Thine unfailing power, help us ever to rejoice. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"
READ JAMES 4:13-17.

SHAKESPEARE says, "Let your reason with your choler question what 'tis you go about." We need to ask ourselves, now and then, just for what we are living. If we are plodding on, from day to day, following the dull track of duty like a pack-mule, we are missing much. If we are living only for self, seeking our own will, and avoiding the difficult, then we are losing more. Life has no more weight for good than a vapor. But if we have caught Christ's vision and purpose for life, then we can make it glorious through Him.

Give us grace, O God, to live in the light of Thy purpose that our lives may tell for good. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20

ON TAKING TROUBLE

"WHATSOEVER YE DO . . . AS TO THE LORD."

READ COLOSSIANS 3:17-25.

"GENIUS," says Thomas Carlyle, is "the transcendent capacity of taking trouble." That is not quite what we thought. We had the idea that a genius was one who, in art, could paint a masterpiece without effort; or, in literature, could dash off a sparkling sonnet with scarcely a moment's thought! But this "capacity for taking trouble," attention to small details, unremitting labor? Yet Carlyle is right. And although we cannot claim genius, at least this honor is ours: in the discharge of minor duties, we can glorify the Eternal God. We can commend our Master by painstaking and conscientious service.

O Christ, who didst glorify Thy Father in the obscure toil of the carpenter, help us ever to give our utmost to Thee. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21

THE GRATEFUL HEART

"WHERE ARE THE WISER?"
READ LUKE 17:11-19.

TEN lepers were healed that day by the wondrous touch of Jesus. Only one thought enough about the blessing to turn back to thank his Benefactor.

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Why? Why were the nine unappreciative? Perhaps not. Yet apparently they took the blessing for granted. They certainly saw no necessity to express their gratitude. And often we do much the same thing. We receive the good gifts of God, but we also take them for granted. We take the blessings of liberty and peace, of a land untorn by the plowshare of war, of homes unmenaced by the aggressor. Are we grateful?

Help us, O Father, that we may ever feel our indebtedness to Thee, that with grateful love we may daily live. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

WIDEN YOUR SCOPE

"GOD WHO GIVETH US RICHLY ALL THINGS."

I TIMOTHY 6:13-21.

BUSINESS or the home is well enough in its way. We must beware, however, of being so busy getting a living that we have no time to live. Some people have no interests outside their work. Like Scrooge, their only book is their bank book. We should cultivate some hobby, start a course of study or reading, and so widen our outlook. A farmer took up Egyptology, of all things. But it lifted him out of the rut and gave him new interests. So to read history, to study the exploits of Christian missions, to take up some other work will enlarge and enrich.

Help us, O Lord, to find the well-rounded life which glories in the riches of Thy provision. Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23

THE UNFAILING LIGHT

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

READ JOHN 8:12-19.

THERE is a humorous incident in "Peter Pan." The pirate captain orders man after man to go inside the ship in search of a mysterious rooster. It was dark, and the men were unnerved. As each came hurrying back without the bird, it was to report that, just as he got inside the cabin door, his light was blown out. Some sinister force was at work. The unbeliever may be baffled confronting life's perplexities. But the Christian has that faith which shines in the darkest hour.

By the wondrous grace Thou hast put within our reach, help us, Divine Father, to put our trust in Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

CLEVER SOPHISTICATION

"THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD IS FOOLISHNESS."

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:11-23.

IT IS a pose with certain people to count themselves among the enlightened and sophisticated. They boast a little learning which is a dangerous thing. Yet the sagacious Lord Bacon says, "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion." Whether

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Not in our own wisdom, but in Thine, O God, make us wise through Thy Word unto salvation. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25

A CLEAN SLATE.

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH."

READ EPHESIANS 4:20-32.

THE slate of schooldays is now obsolete. The phrase, "a clean slate" remains. So does its worth to people of this modern age, with its many anxieties and complex experiences. A public man in New York found life almost intolerable. He was hounded by certain newspapers. One savage attack was made upon his life. But he never carried any sense of injury, grudge, or animosity into a new day. Every night as he prayed for forgiveness for his own sins, he forgave. Thus he started each morning with a soul unsullied and hope renewed.

Needing pardon ourselves, help us, O Father, to forgive as Thou dost, to cherish feelings only of good will even to those who wrong us. Amen.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26

YESTERDAY'S WORRIES

"THOU SHALT FORGET THY MISERY."

READ MATTHEW 6:27-34.

WHEN we see life in retrospect, many of our trials and anxieties appear to be far less important than we thought at the time. Edgar A. Guest bears this out. "Take yesterday's worries and sort them out, and you'll wonder whatever you worried about. Look back at the cares which once furrowed your brow; I fancy you'll smile at the most of them now. They seemed terrible then, but they really were not, for once out of the woods all the fears are forgot." The secret of serenity and strength is trust in God's gracious providence.

O Father, Thou dost make allowance for our frailty. So Thou dost provide that help we need whereby we may be stayed on Thee, through Christ, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

THE PULL OF THE WORLD

"THE WORLD PASSETH AWAY."

READ 1 JOHN 2:14-25.

SCIENTISTS can measure the pull of the earth. It is necessary to do so. For one thing, their calculations require it. For another, weight, for example, changes as the pull alters at different altitudes. What is more vital is the pull of the world on the Christian. It is hard not to feel it! It is harder still not to yield to it. To lower our standards of life is often justified as necessary. Yet the early martyrs, feeling the pull of the world, yet remained true to Christ. Is less required of us?

Keep us by Thy divine grace, O Saviour, as true to Thee as Thou art ever true to us. For Thy Love's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28

THROUGH LOSS TO GAIN

"LET HIM DENY HIMSELF."

READ LUKE 9:18-26.

WHEN King Arthur lay dying, he bade one of his knights take the magic sword, and throw it into the lake. The knight took it, but noting the jeweled hilt, the gleaming blade, he hid it in the bushes. A second time, the king ordered him to throw it in. With keen rebuke, the monarch turned on his knight. This time, he did as he was bidden, and a hand rising from the lake, seized it, and bore it below. Then the blessing of peace came to the dying king. Only through sacrifice and obedience can the joy of discipleship be ours.

Help us clearly to see that all Thy commands, O Father, are ever for our highest good. Amen.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

THE WELL-SPRING OF LIFE

"OUT OF THE HEART ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE."

READ PROVERBS 4:20-27.

THE glassblowers of Venice tell of a craftsman fashioning a goblet for the Doge. It was of such fragile glass and so pure, that should anyone place one drop of poison in it, it would instantly be shattered to fragments. This was the Doge's safeguard against plotters. When we allow even one secret sin to find lodgment in the heart, when we permit pride or envy to enter our lives, then the beauty of the soul is marred. Its influence for good is destroyed. Its likeness to Christ is lost. Let us set a watch upon the inner places of our being.

Only Thou, O Christ, can cleanse our hearts and keep them pure. So we pray Thee free us from all evil. Amen.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30

THAT CHANCE REMARK

"A WORD FITLY SPOKEN."

READ PROVERBS 25:1-15.

A CHANCE remark has sometimes far-reaching results. It may fill the heart with bitterness or blessing. It may cloud over the sun or flood the soul with courage and hope. Ella W. Wilcox, says, "You can never tell when you send a word, like an arrow shot from a bow by an archer blind, be it cruel or kind, just where it may chance to go. It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend, tipped with its poison or balm. To a stranger's heart, in life's great mart, it may carry its pain or its calm." Make Christ your example and be kind today.

Remembering how hard life is for others, help us, O divine Master, to cheer them by generous thoughts and kindly words. Amen.

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ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

(Continued from page 18)

possessions: a tin basin, a sack of flour, a tattered blanket, a precious ring. They stopped occasionally at the hospital to beg a crust of bread, a dose of medicine. Some were carried into the hospital: little girls, assaulted; students beaten half to death, old men tortured, victims of Japanese-imported opium. Wounds, wounds, wounds: there was no end to this; there was no constructive working out of his vision, but only patching people up to be hurt again. More and more the lonely doctor thought of the bullets and shell splinters he was taking from the bodies of his victims. It was American scrap, American steel, American bombs, American gas in those planes.

A wounded Chinese civilian fell near his hospital, in the street fighting. Judd rushed out to treat him—to find himself held back by Japanese bayonets! Why should they let the doctor heal a Chinese? For forty-eight hours those bayonets held him off. The man died. Judd's patience snapped. One morning he wiped the blood from his hands, locked his operating-room door and caught a ship for America. He was cured of patching. He would try to stop the blood-flood at its source.

Perhaps I need tell no more; Dr. Judd has told it himself. We know him in the United States as a champion of China and as one hundred and fifty pounds of human dynamite blasting at the complicity of America in Japanese aggression. We've heard him several times, and this has struck us: while he is vitriolic in condemning the brutality of the Japanese military power, he loves Japan! Says he: "The issue is greater than just the fate of China, much as I love China; and greater than the fate of Japan, much as I love Japan. I have spent summers in lovely Japan, and fineness there is being destroyed as inexorably as in China! The issue is greater even than our own country."

In other words, he is the modern medical missionary, one of the few men who so believe in brotherhood and the Christian way that he is willing to give his life to exemplifying love with his surgeon's lancet. I can even believe that were he to be sent to heal with that lancet in Japan, he would go gladly. Aren't Japanese people? Isn't there something fine there to be saved, for God? That's his idea. . . .

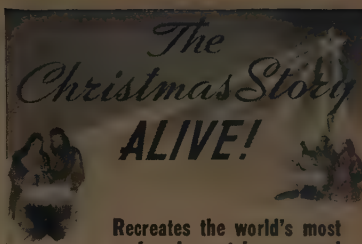
(Continued from page 34)

returned by them to the people of occupied nations.

- (4) That Germany relax her blockade against these people so as to permit the commission to import food from Russia and the Balkans, if possible.
- (5) That the belligerents not attack ships carrying supplies.
- (6) To assure these guarantees, the British would be free to stop the supplies immediately should these guarantees be not fulfilled by the Germans.

Christian Herald finds itself in complete agreement with these resolutions and comments their conclusions to the American people.

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(Continued from page 44)



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"Brigham Young—Frontiersman," is the latest offering from the Twentieth Century-Fox research department and we might add Mr. Zanuck has applied with considerable vigor a touch of salt instead of the conventional sugar-coating to a regrettable period of American history. The persecution of the Mormon church in the 1840's is not a pleasant subject; nor is this a pleasant picture. The point involved, in the words of Brigham Young is "Whether an American has a right to worship God as he pleases." Four states (New York, Ohio, Missouri and Illinois) decided in the negative and drove out the Mormons with gun and club. The theme of religious freedom is stressed, yet the other details, such as the mass migration to Salt Lake, occupy much of the time and consequently the film creeps and lurches like one of the Mormon's covered wagons. Dean Jagger as Brigham Young does not lurch; his portrayal of the stubborn leader of the Saints is an excellent job. Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Mary Astor and a few thousand others are around when needed. Mr. Zanuck's idea was a fine one; like many another it has been executed (literally) with Hollywood technique and taste.

Included in this month's rush of patriotic-historical films is Columbia's "The Howards of Virginia," a long, picturization of Elizabeth Page's "The Tree of Liberty." Nothing really new, we're sorry to say, unless it be Cary Grant's unique accent which rolls off the soundtrack with a Virginian undertone and a decidedly Brooklyn overtone. Martha Scott (a really fine actress) is the gentlewoman who is wooed and won by the frontiersman (Cary Grant) and adjusts herself to the pioneer spirit. She needs that spirit to overcome the wilderness, Mr. Grant's temper and the hardships of the Revolution. Director Frank Lloyd uses many sidelights in spinning his story and employs to advantage the montage method of unrolling history. Though we found "The Howards of Virginia" too often unoriginal, at the same time we found it mighty pleasant entertainment. Take the family.

Gary Cooper once again returns to his boots and saddles in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner." Both fit Gary as snugly as he does the role of roaming cowboy who deals out justice on the plains. A great supporting performance by Walter Brennan and stunning outdoor photography makes this a Grade A horse opera.

Our old friends of Bagdad are back with us, thanks to Alexander Korda who has created a magnificently-staged fantasy that rivals even "The Wizard of Oz" for scenic beauty. Abu, Ahmad, Djinni, Jaffar and the Flying Carpet are screened in technicolor (all roles are portrayed by live characters with the exception of the carpet whose performance is a bit flat) and we guarantee "The Thief of Bagdad" will delight the most critical juvenile fan. Adults who ask more than awe-inspiring sets will find Mr. Korda's land of make-believe a trifle dull; we were restless ourselves until Rex Ingram's Djinni boomed us out of boredom. He's positively the loudest cinema monster in existence.

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(Continued from page 19)

ot that any should tell Him of man, for e knew what was in man. This idealist as a realist; to think of Him as a pale d gentle visionary, with no knowledge e human nature as it really is, is to be premely sentimental where He, the eat Lover of the race, was as hard as ils. The Incarnate Word is not "the r-off mystic of the Galilean hills" to e Lord Morley's phrase. The Word is gh unto us, as every awakened onscience can testify—fearfully and wonerfully near. The face on which unted generations have seen the light the knowledge of the glory of God a face like all men's faces.

This brings us to the second thing to be id about the fact of Christ. Here in this man life, we meet the living God. It

God Himself, personally present and deemingly active, who comes to meet in the Man of Nazareth. Jesus is more an genius or holy man. He is the pernal presence of God in this world of arkness, sin and pain. The Gospel story, oted in facts of time and sense, is on e scale of eternity. God's presence and is very self were manifested in the ction and Passion of this Man. This

the second fact which, from the very ginning, has been indissolubly united h the first fact. They belong together o two aspects of one historic event which elieving men know as the Incarnation. e tremendous claim that the Son of an is the Son of God, goes back indutably to Christ Himself; and His folwers have exhausted all the poor reures of language, metaphor and para-

to express the conviction that it is e. The Man Christ Jesus has the deive place in the age-long relations of an with God. In His presence I cant doubt that I am in the presence of e One who is from everlasting to everting. I cannot get away from the aweing, amazing, completely decisive certainty that His condemnation and His rdon are the condemnation and paron of God the Father. To rebel against His Prince of human life is to rebel ainst God; the grace of the Lord Jesus rist is God's grace; to doubt His omises is to doubt God Himself and to without Hope in this world. In Him e promises of God are either Yea and en, or the whole long story of human ith and worship is a gigantic illusion.

The climax of this story of God's most rfect revelation of Himself is the Cross. his is crucial, not only for the history Jesus but for all history. Why?

You cannot go far in Canada without ming upon the name of that pioneering enchman of the sixteenth century, eques Cartier. He was the first sean to explore the region of the St. Lawrence for France. On meeting a oup of North American Indians there, e made the sign of the Cross over them d told them of the Passion of Christ. it why *that*—when two entirely differnt civilizations confronted one another r the first time? In that half hour he ight conceivably have spoken of Europe, e culture and history; of his own Paris e Roman Empire; of Alexander the eat or Socrates; of the Parthenon at Athens or the pictures of a man named

(Continued on page 71)

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EDITED BY

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No Back Seats

Topeka, Kansas

Dear Editor:

If I had to build a church I would plan one that didn't have any back seats.

I went in late to a Negro revival meeting across the street from our church some years ago and I paused to find an empty seat in the rear, the Negro preacher who saw me called out "Brother Sheldon, come up front! All the sinners are in the back seats."

C. M. S.

After you figure out how to do that—Dr. Sheldon, please work on the car with no seats for the back-seat driver.

Approves Dr. Sheldon

Fairland, Indiana

Dear Editor:

Dr. Sheldon in his article "Protestant Confessional" touched a very responsive chord in my heart. I have for many years tried to put a finger on the spot where something seemed to be missing from our religious life.

Just church attendance with all the wonderful music, good sermons, social life and all the many things we do as a group of people representing a common cause did not seem to me to be the ultimate in our relationship with God.

Just what does the church offer the individual? I think you will agree that the various groups and "etc." do not help to give each individual in them the spiritual contact that we need to make us really close to God.

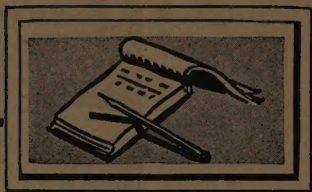
It seems to me that we of the Church spend too much time maintaining the organizations in them as such, and not enough in developing the personal, spiritual side.

I wonder if the things Dr. Sheldon has mentioned would not help a great deal in supplying a need for the youth of our land, who have in a measure been saying the Church is lacking somewhere, somehow.

I feel that, given the opportunity to come to the study of the church and talk to a kindly understanding pastor, more people would avail themselves of the chance to share their problems than ever before.

And I really feel that as much or even more good could be done in this way than in many sermons.

The comforting sympathy, and kindly counsel of the servant of God, a prayer just for you will lift one out of despair and give him the real meaning of God's love. Am so glad one who has the influence of Dr. Sheldon has



brought this to the attention of the Protestant churches, for verily we have arrived at the place where the Church must prove her usefulness. Let us make of it something so fine, so big the whole world must be led by it, into paths of righteousness for His name sake.

Mrs. Nellie Davis Phillips

It is not often we get a comment so beautifully expressed. We hope Mrs. Phillips will write again.

New Books to Read

The editor likes to read in bed before going to sleep and has found the book that just fits this purpose. It is "Opportunity Is Yours" published by Harper & Brothers (price \$2.00). It can be opened to any chapter with equal interest, the only continuity being the personality of the author and the underlying theme of the forty-eight separate human interest stories as stated in the introduction "opportunity knocks again and again, but you must open the door." I found humor, pathos, inspiration and encouragement on almost every page. I know of no better way to finish the day than by reading one or more of these fascinating monographs. Oh yes, the author is Daniel A. Poling.

The Prize-Winning Letter

I have found that *Christian Herald* provides clean and wholesome reading matter as opposed to the trash many sixteen year old girls pore over. I have been brought up to dislike such junky material and seek my reading matter from a good source such as *Christian Herald*.

As I often conduct my own Sunday School class and am frequently called upon to substitute for other teachers I make much use of the Sunday School Lessons as printed in *Christian Herald*. I find that the material is much more easily comprehended and also makes for simpler and quicker reviews.

I, a perplexed young modern of sixteen, often am grateful to find answers to my own questions and problems of a religious nature as well as everyday problems.

I have always had a sense of humor, therefore I give the joke page ample attention and retain some of the best jokes for future use.

Likewise, I have found the stories, sermons and various articles are always good material for conversation or discussion at young people's meetings.

Truly I consume more pleasurable and constructive time in reading *Christian Herald* than any other magazine.

Respectfully,

Carol M. Kile,
Wurtsboro, New York

Eschews Politics

Flint, Michigan

Dear Editor:

I do not care to renew my subscription to *Christian Herald*.

To be perfectly truthful I was very much disappointed in the magazine, as my convictions as a Christian are very much against many of the things taken up in the magazine. I think we Christians need spend all our time sticking to the wonderful teachings of God's word and letting political issues play a very small part in our lives.

Betty Coleman

Do we really want the Christians to run the churches and the Christians to run the country?

Un-American Activities

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editor:

We read with considerable interest Harold Rushmore's article commencing page 32 of the September issue.

Referring to that part containing account of the two camps conducted by notorious German-American Bund and Communist Party I am sure that you have referred this to the Dies Committee the F. B. I., or some other suitable government agency for proper investigation.

James Percival Harker

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is well aware of these subversive activities, but until some law is violated there is very little they can do but watch.

A Kindly Criticism

Lincoln, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

We venture a kindly criticism of Blackstone's sermon in the September issue. He seizes on Goodspeed's translation

for an interpretation quite at variance from the meaning of Christ's words in this passage. For it is not membership in the church that Jesus is here calling sinners or "irreligious" as Dr. Blackstone prefers to call them, but to repentance. He would have the church open its doors for the irreligious with no suggestion that repentance or a change of heart is necessary. We know that you do not personally endorse every statement every writer in *Christian Herald* but it would seem that in this monthly sermon there would be a special effort to maintain standards of the evangelical churches.

On the whole, though, we greatly enjoy *Christian Herald*.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Main

While we do not agree with readers Main in their interpretation of Dr. Blackstone's sermon, we thoroughly agree with their contention that we have an obligation toward the sermons we print to not does not apply to general articles.

(Continued from page 69)

Leonardo da Vinci. But instead of telling them proudly of these things he gloried in the Cross of Jesus. Could anything be more paradoxical? Well, the Cross itself is the greatest paradox known to man. In that one event two facts which are poles asunder come together to a focus.

First the Cross reveals the truth about the sin of man as nothing else does. Until we see ourselves and the whole human race in this mirror we don't know what sin really is. It is what it does here. By doing its worst against holiness, mercy and truth incarnate, sin is seen to be the tempt to destroy God. "This is the heir; come let us kill Him, that the inheritance may be ours." The Cross sets the holiness of God and the unrighteousness of men in this blinding contrast, so that each illustrates the other. Here sin is judged for what it is with absolute finality.

But look at the second fact. This same Cross reveals the truth about the love of God, as nothing else does. Light shines from the very center of this gross darkness. Out of deeds which give the lie to God's love and power, God makes His love actual and effective. This world being what it is, and God being what He is, holy love is revealed with redeeming power by One who is completely powerless. God is there, in all His majesty and comfort, in the very fact that the Crucified prays for His enemies who nail Him up to die. He, the incomprehensible Power by which all things are made, Himself accepts the age-long burden of human wrong, and transforms it into an occasion of the occasion of grace. Forgiveness is always costly: there is sacrificial pain in it, as everybody knows who knows anything about forgiveness. The Cross is what forgiveness costs in the eternal order of things.

Jesus Christ never thought of His death except in terms of that cost. He faced the end, not as the grim fate which is the lot of martyrs innumerable, but as the necessary climax of His divine mission. He was fulfilling a divine purpose by pouring out His soul unto death, and He identified Himself with that purpose completely. Gethsemane means nothing else. If the Gospel evidence tells us anything, it tells us that His Cross was not defeat but consummation. Jesus on the Cross is not appeasing an angry God; such statements are crude almost to the point of blasphemy. God was in Christ, condemning sin, bearing its shame and degradation, breaking its tyranny, and bringing out of darkness into the marvelous light of His Kingdom all who are willing to enter into it with Christ, by faith.

Is there any justification for such faith? The New Testament knows of none, apart from the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. No early Christian wrote a sentence about Jesus which did not proceed from the conviction that He had risen from the dead and was present in their midst as the first-born of a new order of creation. The supreme event of history is the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

(From "Facing the Facts," a volume of sermons by Rev. John S. Whale. Pub. by Harper & Brothers, price \$1.00.)



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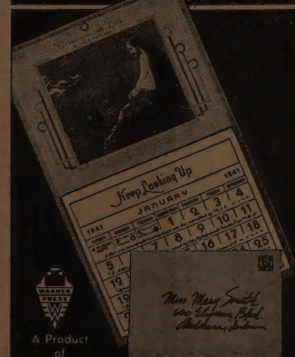
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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN, PURITAN THANKS-GIVING By the Ives Color Process Co.	
MASTERPIECES OF ART.....	2
Thomas Craven	
OUT OF MY MAIL.....	4
Daniel A. Poling	
NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH.....	7
Gabriel Courier	
THE BEST IN RADIO.....	11
Aileen Soares	
FRONTSPICE—THANKSGIVING, 1940.....	12
Charles Hanson Towne	
NOT ON THE SCOREBOARD.....	13
Howard Rushmore	
DEMONS AND DOCTORS.....	16
Frank S. Mead	
THE FACT OF CHRIST—A SERMON.....	19
John S. Whale	
IN TIME FOR THE HOLIDAY—A STORY.....	20
Margaret E. Sangster	
THANKSGIVING, 1621.....	22
Nancy Richey Ranson	
DO FATHERS ALWAYS KNOW BEST.....	24
Grace Nies Fletcher	
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING—A STORY.....	26
Anne Tedlock Brooks	
AN OLD GLASS TEA.....	28
Grace McIlraith Ellis	
WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON PART V.....	30
Honoré Morrow	
ROCK OF AGES.....	33
Bernhard Ragner	
EDITORIAL FORUM.....	34
MORE STATELY MANSIONS.....	35
E. M. Conover	
A TRUE COMMUNITY CHURCH.....	38
Guy McConnell	
DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.....	40
J. W. G. Ward	
DOLLARS IN DOUGHNUTS.....	42
Clementine Paddleford	
MOTION PICTURE COMMENTATOR.....	44
THE COUNTRY PREACHER SAYS.....	45
George E. Gilbert	
NEW BOOKS TO READ.....	54
Daniel A. Poling	
STAMPS.....	56
Winthrop Adams	
FROM A GARDEN NOTEBOOK.....	60
Donald H. Kingery	
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.....	61
Stanley B. Vandersall	
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.....	70
Paul Maynard	
AFTER ALL.....	72

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NEXT MONTH

Beautiful Christmas Number, containing articles by:

Dorothy Canfield Fisher
Charles Hanson Towne
George B. Gilbert
Fred Barton
Frank Mead
Daniel A. Poling
William L. Stidger
Nancy Richey Ranson
Howard Rushmore
Wallace Havelock Robb
Grace Noll Crowell
J. W. G. Ward
Clementine Paddleford
Adele Brossier Reese
Albert Linn Lawson
And many others.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Yes, I Know, But...?

An Englishman was visiting a friend in this country, on an upstate farm. One evening the two strolled up the road after dinner; as they passed a grove, there came a weird, unearthly screech from the trees.

"What in the world is that?" inquired the Englishman.

"Why, that's an owl," said his friend. "Yes, I know it's an owl, but what is it that's 'owling'?"

—Kablegrams.

Can't Miss It

"I hear they've taken the early morning bus off your line. Do you miss it much?" "Not since they took it off."

—Atlanta Two Bells.

Obliging

It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered, he said, "This way, madam, and I sew you into a sheet."

—Outlook.

Ingenuous Escape

G-Man: "Got away, did he! Did you guard all the exits?"

Constable: "Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the entrances."

—Exchange.

Reason for Enthusiasm

"Who are those people doing all the cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

—American Legion Monthly.

Prevalent

"I never knew until I got a car," said the bishop, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," replied the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

—Watchword.

Pleased T'meecha

Patient (in waiting room of doctor's office): "How do you do?"

Second Patient: "So-so. I'm aching from neuritis."

First Patient: "Glad to meet you. I'm Mendelbaum from Chicago."

—Mentholology.

Wise Animal

The true value of horse sense is clearly shown by the fact that the horse was

afraid of the motorcar during the period in which the pedestrian laughed at it.

—Exchange.

The Very Ideal

When the woman motorist was called upon to stop, she asked indignantly, "What do you want with me?"

"You were traveling forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why, I haven't been out an hour," said the woman.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That's a new one on me."

—Outlook.

Return Favors?

"I don't feel right about Jim Smith!" Farmer Dumm said to his wife. "He's just invited me to be a pallbearer again. He invited me to be a pallbearer when Mame, his first wife died, an' he invited me again when Susie, his second wife died. An' now his third wife's died an' he's invited me again. It don't seem right for me to accept all them favors an' not do him any."

—Advocate.

Daily Feature

Three-year-old Nancy's father had installed a new radio. Nancy listened with rapt attention to everything—music, speeches, and station announcements.

That night she knelt to say her "Now I lay me." At the end she paused a moment and then said, "Tomorrow night at this time there will be another prayer."

—Journal of Religious Education.

Just Try It!

The tourist had stopped in a small rural village. He was preparing to leave when he noticed the town constable watching him narrowly.

"What's the speed limit here?" he asked, thinking it wise to be prepared.

"Never ye mind, young feller," replied the rustic cop. "Jest yew try t' git out o' this town without bein' arrested."

—Mentholology.

Helpful Helen

She was a very efficient young woman. One day she saw a large car rolling slowly down the street without a driver. Unhesitatingly she ran to the side of the moving vehicle, opened the door, hopped in and applied the brakes.

Then she got out and looked for the driver. A mere man appeared, and she asked: "Is this your car?"

He admitted ownership.

"Well," she said, "it was running away down the street."

"I know it was," said the man, sadly. "I was pushing it to the garage."

—Kablegrams.